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Farm, Garden and Household.

The Farmer's Wood Pile.

After the close of fall work, and before the first snow is our time for cutting and piling in the woods, our year's stock of fuel, unless something unusual prevents. This work is never omitted, for nine-tenths of the farmers would as soon neglect to fill their hay mows for the winter's feeding of their stock as they would have the wood house empty. And they would as soon think of eating their potatoes uncooked, or wearing cotton or wool unwoven, as of burning green wood. The convenience and economy of good wood are so apparent that the old stock is never exhausted before more is prepared to replace it. Sometimes Jack Frost sends the farmer's cornfields uncut, or shuts a stout door over the potato hills; sometimes the fences get so low that the sheep get over them, or the mowing machine goes bobbing over the unpicked cobbles. But spring always finds a huge crack of stove wood before the door and summer sees it in every fire in the wood house.

For many years our custom was to chop into sled lengths to the amount of from eight to twelve cords, any tree, except sugar maple, and this we would make good hewing timber. As soon as the first snow came this would be drawn to the dooryard, where it would usually remain till April, when the hoed man began his season's work. His first labor was to work up the wood into stove lengths, by chopping into cells of 4 feet, then splitting and piling to fit the stove. After sawing, it was thrown into a loose pile, as soon as free from snow, and stood there to season for the year. Logs, by other farmers preferred that it should perfectly season out of doors, and it was not hoisted till corn planting was finished. In the improvements of methods in farm work, the cutting of wood has kept pace. New, in some localities, under conditions, when edge is plenty to overspill the largest need for stove purposes in the woods, has grown up the custom of cutting with a crosscut saw the trees and largest limbs, to be cut into stove lengths in the house yard, ready for the hoe. A few men own gasoline, power, and drag saws, and they go from place to place quickly cutting the logs prepared and piled together. The labor and other expense are then drawn to the house, and it is only spare work then into stove wood.

Many make the mistake of splitting their wood too fine. For summer use and for cooking, small is best, but for this purpose the small limbs, which should be cut and saved, will fill as much of the large wood as is needed for kindling. For eight months in each year fires are needed for warmth, and wood that is as much as four inches square lasts longer and by giving more coal, gives out more heat than the same amount split finer. With many kinds of stoves used only for heating purposes, wood as large as can be used is the best. Wood is considered best which only six hours, two-thirds the length of the fire, burn. When it is longer that part which comes to the grate, or before the draft is first established, leaving nonconsumed pieces at the end.

In the older states, with their many cities and thousands of villages—with the thousand of manufactories and railroads crossing almost every town, farmers are realizing that their forests are growing smaller and at the present prices of wood, and coal few are selling any wood. We ought to practice greater economy in gathering our fuel, selecting only such trees as have stopped growing, and picking up the scattered pieces as closely as we do the ears in our corn fields. Farmers who have ten acres of wood land may usually gather their stock of wood of material that is specially worthless. Many times will be found that are dead, here and there the wind has overturned one, or blocks of limbs. Taking only these, a man, with a team, and it takes more wood for a team, but the old books better, by occasionally driving around with a team, and thrifty trees are still growing. Again, when a tree is chopped several bushels of chips are scattered that are usefully saved, and are valuable for bonfires in morning times. There is gathering the fragments in earnest, but he who saves time not he who earns, the race is assumed the most prosperous. [Cor. Country Gentleman.

Best Mode of Winter Feeding

We have mentioned the inability of good milkers to live on their towards the end of the milking season, and the fact that their system is at this time taxed with the support of a rapidly growing fœtus. This tells will increase in weight from 30 to 60 lbs. during the last two months, and 70 requires food rich in albuminoids and phosphate of lime. The body of a calf just dropped, will be found to be principally composed of milk meal, bones and skin. It must be evident that the nourishment of this growing fœtus requires food of a character similar to the composition of the body at birth. How is this to be furnished in straw and poor hay, which is often regarded as sufficient for a cow not giving milk. Nature strains a point when the proper food is not given, the mother furnishes the missing food from her own system. This explains the frequent occurrence, that the cow is too weak to bear her own weight at the time of calving, and often dies from literal starvation. Now, we believe the dairyman should economize all the fodder he raises, from the farm—straw and corn fodder as well as hay. He should study the practical quality of each kind of food, and learn to mix those of different qualities together. He should learn that grain, as a part of the ration, is cheaper than hay, and that by mingling a little grain, such as oats, wheat bran, oil-meal, cotton seed meal, and corn-meal, with straw, he may make it better and cheaper than hay.

When the dairyman shall study this question of foods, he will raise those rich in muscle-forming matter to mix and feed with those composed mostly of carbonaceous, or heat-producing matter. Clover has 14 to 18 per cent. of muscle-forming food, whilst straw has only two per cent. Timothy hay has about 10 per cent., and it is easy to see that if you mix half clover (having 18 per cent.) with half straw (having two per cent.) the mixture will average 10 per cent. of muscle-forming matter, or will be equal to Timothy hay in this most desirable element. Pass straw through a straw-cutter, and a bushel will weigh five pounds. Now, two pounds of wheat bran, or middlings, mixed with this straw, will make the seven pounds better than Timothy hay; or if 25 pounds of middlings are mixed with 75 pounds of straw, the 100 pounds of mixture will winter cows as well as good hay. The average cost of the middlings, for this 100 pounds of mixture would be 18 cents, whilst the hay will average, over the whole country, $10 per ton, or 50 cents per 100 pounds. It will thus be seen that straw may be saved at considerable profit. It is better to mix corn-meal with the bran, say one-third corn-meal with two-thirds, and mix the two with straw for feeding. The dairyman does not seem to appreciate the necessity for variety in the food of his herd. He should raise several kinds of grain, and grind these all together.

Corn and oats ground together are better than either alone. Peas and oats grown together should be a more common crop among dairymen. It makes an excellent food to strengthen and recuperate a cow after the milking season. They are both rich in muscle and bone-building elements. When raised as a joint crop, the crop should be harvested when the peas are ready, and before they shell. An excellent additional food, besides fodder, is two quarts of corn-meal mixed with two quarts of oil-meal, per day, to a cow. This feed upon two bushels of cut straw will keep a cow in fine order, and cost less than hay.

It must be understood that warm shelter is absolutely necessary for the profitable wintering of cows upon any diet. [National Live Stock Journal.

Penobscot Farming and Lumbering.

The farmers of Greenfield, Penobscot Co., says a correspondent of the Portland Transcript, all keep sheep, and the wheat crop in town, last season, was about 2,000 bushels. We find that the farmers now realize more fully than formerly that "the hoof of the sheep is golden," and that many are permanently increasing their flocks.

Olamon is the name of the business centre in Greenbush, and is the name of the post office at the village. There is a fine block of mills on the excellent water-power there, which was owned by J. C. Fowle & Co., Bangor, and Samuel Taylor, who resides there and manages the business. The company own 365 acres of land at the village, on which are eight houses that they rent. They also own 3,000 acres of timber land in Greenbush, and 9,000 in Greenfield. They have 30 horses and 40 men now in the woods.

There are splendid chances, throughout this region, for hay farms on a large scale, which would improve the beauty of the country in a great degree, and which could be rendered very profitable to the owners.

On the road below Olamon village, the traveller will notice with much interest the long, double rows of shade trees on both sides of the road extending south from the residence of Charles Weld. He has a frost proof cellar outside of his house 20 feet by 30, which has granite walls and a cemented floor. It is connected with his house cellar by a wide passage way, and in this out-door cellar he stores the productions of his farm, which always keep in excellent condition during all seasons of the year. Among his crop which he stored there this season, were 3,000 heads of cabbage and 130 bushels of apples.

About 1,000 cords of bark will be hauled to the depot here this winter for shipment on the railroad, and 100,000 lath blocks are contracted for, to be delivered here this winter and spring for the Massachusetts market. The blocks are all made from rock maple wood and are hauled from township No. 2, which is about 15 miles from here. The lumber product of the Olamon mills is from one and one-half to two millions yearly, consisting of all kinds of long and short lumber.

Wealth of Stock Owners.

The average number of cattle in Texas, owned by individual stock raisers, is 500 to 50,000 head, an interesting feature of the business is that the wealthiest cattle men to-day are in South Texas—men like King, of Live Oak county, who can command millions of dollars—rose from nothing, and from the most humble beginnings. King, the cattle king of Texas, began with a few old cows, after driving and acting the "cow-boy" for somebody else. After several years his stock had increased to an extent that put him on a footing and an equality with his former "bosses" and employers. He formerly resided near Corpus Christi, but now lives in Live Oak, one of the wildest counties of unsettled Texas.

The great point of shipment of cattle now is Rockport on the gulf—a port that exports annually vast numbers of stock from their place to Havana and New Orleans—a trade that is increasing every year, and brings in a vast surplus of money to South Texas. In addition to this, Rockport exports large quantities of packed beef, preserved by patent process, and that goes chiefly and directly to Europe. The packeries near Rockport, operated by New York capital, slaughtered one hundred beeves per day, and their business is on the increase.

The present average price of cattle on the hoof, taking cows, steers and yearlings as they run, is $8 a head. This is almost as moderate as the figures for horses. Pretty fair horses, adapted to the saddle or the wagon, but unbroke, can be had here for $12. The finest Spanish pony, wild as the fleet gazelle, and costing $5 to break, can be had for $40; and as no corn or fodder is necessary to keep a horse in South Texas, the succulent grass of the prairies being to him more delicious than anything you can offer him, the consequence is everybody rides, and the unfortunate individual who can't spur and own a horse in these wild prairies is indeed to be pitied. Texas Letter.

Magnitude of the Dairy Interest.

In an address before the Western Reserve Dairy Association, by Mr. Sherman Tracy, some statistics are given, showing the amount of capital invested in the dairy business in the United States, which are a rather startling exhibit to those who have never given the subject thought. In the year 1875 there were 10,000,000 cows used for dairy purposes, which, valued at $45 per head, would represent a capital of $450,000,000. If it requires three acres of land to support each cow, then there must be 30,000,000 acres devoted to this interest, which, at a low average cost of $30 an acre, represent a capital of $900,000,000. Adding to this the capital invested in teams, wagons and dairy implements, say $100,000,000, the total investment would be $1,450,000,000 for this single industry. Compared with the banking capital of the country, as reported for 1877 by the Comptroller of the Currency, the aggregate capital of the national banks exceeds by $30,000,000 only this single item of cows; and the capital invested in banks other than savings banks, is but 75 per cent. of the investment by dairymen in lands. Adding to the amount invested in banking the amount of all individual deposits in all the banks of the country, other than savings banks, the amount of banking capital and deposits is $1,790,964,576, or less than 20 per cent. greater than that invested in the dairy business.

Texan Herders.

A Texan herder's outfit consists of two donkeys, for carrying supplies, a tent, cooking utensils, blankets, canteen made of tin, and holding five gallons of water; a small Mexican pony, two or three dogs, and tobacco. Shepherds receive from $10 to $15 per month and board and overseers from $25 to $30. Two men and three dogs can readily take care of $5,000 sheep. Thousands of sheep roam at will over the vast plains, feeding as they go, never sleeping two nights in one place, excepting at the home stations. At nights these immense herds gather closely around the camp of the shepherds, and sleep peaceably, guarded by well trained Scotch dogs, who exhibit a wonderful sagacity and prowess in their midnight vigils, holding at bay the fiercest wolf until by their furious barking they awaken their masters. An area of from ten to twenty miles will be grazed by an ordinary herd on a single day.

The demand in Great Britain for American bred horses is constantly growing, and we are of the opinion that the time is not very far in the future when that country will look to America for its chief supply. Race-horses, hunters' carriage horses, and common work-horses were exported last year from this country to England and Scotland in considerable numbers; and we have not the slightest doubt that the demand will increase from year to year, until it shall become a very important item in our annual export account, simply because we can and do raise as good horses, of all kinds, as are produced in England, and we can do this much cheaper than it can possibly be done in that country. [National Live Stock Journal.

A Greeting.

So many stars as shine in the sky,
So many little winds murmuring by,
So many blessings attend thee;
So many leaves as dance on the trees,
So many flowers as wave in the breeze,
Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than these,
The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun to shine,
Every ray a glad thought of mine,
During and true and tender
I would crown with my beams thy dearest head
From morning golden to evening red
Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
The love that no speech can render

When the sweet flowers droop and die,
Think that my hopes all withered lie
Think how my heart is broken!
When, in April, with sun and rain,
Violets blossom on hill and plain,
Think thou couldst call me to life again
By the sweet word still unspoken.

The Ross Swindle.

A WALL STREET STORY.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

The existence of an organized body of forgers, check-raisers and counterfeiters which sprang into being in the latter stage of the late civil war, and had their headquarters in New York, was for a considerable period suspected by the police; but it was not until the consummation of the gigantic plunder scheme known as the "John Ross swindle" that the power and shrewdness and daring of this clique were fully appreciated.

The great speculation which commenced in 1862, consequent upon the vast issues of paper money, drew into its vortex many adventurous men, who rose suddenly from poverty to opulence. Unexperienced persons engaged in banking and brokerage business; ignorant, pushing men, put themselves forward, and in the scramble for riches, succeeded in piling up large fortunes, which they spent profusely, and often guarded but carelessly. Financial dealings were conducted in the loosest manner; the characters of men were scrutinized less closely than their bank accounts; riches, no matter how acquired, was the passport to society.

Thus, too, the fortresses of great fortunes were carelessly protected, and were a standing temptation to attack by the unscrupulous and criminal. A strong coterie was formed from the ranks of robbers and forgers, which was constantly on the watch for some opportunity to sack these fortresses, and bear away the stacks of gold and greenbacks stored therein.

The constitution and modus operandi of this coterie has been since developed. It consisted of a wheel within a wheel. The inner circle planned the raids, and took the lion's share of the booty; the outer circle were hired to do a large share of the work, but were not cognizant of the deeper and more far-reaching schemes of their employers in the head centre of crime.

This dangerous clique is now completely broken up. Some are in exile; more in the state prison; several are dead, and as the firm with which I was connected acted as attorney for several of the gang, as well as for some of their victims, we were enabled to gain glimpses of a vast and dark vista of crime, which, after this lapse of time, may be revealed without violating the professional confidence which exists between lawyer and client.

The Ross swindle was connected, as I have reason to believe, more than a year before it was actually consummated, and every step in preparation for it was taken with the utmost care.

One of the plotters of the scheme was a man whom we will style Colonel Folsom, with whom I became professionally acquainted in the year 1862. I was spending my summer vacation in one of the interior counties of New York, state, in that year, and was solicited by the district attorney of the county to assist him in the trial of Folsom, for offering counterfeit money, and as time hung heavy on my hands I accordingly joined him in the prosecution of the defendant.

We proved that he had passed three ten-dollar counterfeit bank bills, and that, upon his arrest, two other bills of a similar denomination had been found upon his person. The prisoner, on his defence, sought to show that he had received the counterfeit bills from a Lieutenant McIntyre, whom he had known in the army, in payment of a debt due him from McIntyre, but utterly failed to make out his case, in consequence of his failure to produce McIntyre, he being then at the front. An attempt was made to postpone the trial by producing an affidavit, including a letter received from the necessary witness some months before, but as eight months had elapsed since the commission of the offence, and as the trial had already been postponed twice before, at the prisoner's instance, the court refused to grant the application, and the jury retired to find their verdict.

The unfortunate man sat looking like death while he was waiting to learn his fate. He was young—not yet 25—his face and form were fine and symmetrical, and his expression and demeanor spoke strongly for his innocence. He had served ten months in the army, had risen by gallantry to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and had been honorably discharged. At the time when he was arrested, he was on the point of enlisting for war. McIntyre was an officer in the same regiment, and had lost the $50 to Folsom in a game at cards. He had been repeatedly written to and had promised to get leave of absence, and attend the trial, but for three months he had been missing from his regiment, and was believed to have been killed by guerillas.

The jury soon filed back into the courtroom, answered to their names, and then, amid a breathless silence, their foreman handed to the clerk a slip of paper, on which was inscribed one terrible word, "Guilty!" The prisoner fell in a dead faint, and sentence was postponed till the following day, when the court gave him three years in the state prison. The prisoner's lawyer received on the same day that sentence was pronounced, a letter, stating that McIntyre had deserted to the enemy two months before the trial, and his body had been found among a pile of confederates who had met their fate in an attack on the federal intrenchments at Chantilly. The last chance for clearing the character of the unfortunate man was gone, and he was borne to his dreary abode in a moody stupor, which presaged insanity.

I had the gravest doubts of his guilt, and regretted bitterly the part I had taken in securing his conviction. Accordingly, after consultation with my partners and the district attorney with whom I had acted on his trial, I drew up a petition for his pardon, and secured numerous influential signatures. The matter was then laid before the chief executive, and urged so strongly that a pardon was obtained, and, in three months from the time when the wretched man was immured, I stood at his cell door with the document securing his freedom.

I was struck by the change which he had undergone since the trial. His face wore a sullen, dogged look, as of one at war with society. He thanked me in a cold, mechanical way which seemed to tell me I had come too late to prevent the ruin that had been wrought, and, for the moment, in the damping of my enthusiasm, I almost regretted that I had wasted so much sympathy on so cold an object. He seemed disinclined to converse, and after the formalities accompanying his discharge had been completed, his prison garb put off, and the new suit provided for him been assumed, I accompanied him out of the prison door, as far as the street, when he wrung my hand, and, turning away, walked rapidly down the street.

The next time I saw him was in William street some six weeks after his liberation; he was a member of the "Open Board," which met in the so-called "coal hole" at that time. That he was successful in speculation I could readily see, and he saluted me with more warmth. The day following this recontre I received a letter from him enclosing a check for $1,000, which he begged me to accept as a mark of his gratitude.

I did not meet him again until the following autumn, when, one day, he made a call at my office, in a painful guise. Every dollar of his winnings in the stock market had been swept away. Some enemy had reported through the street that he was a pardoned convict, and he was now a markset man. Money, hope and friends all gone, the dungeon blight on his soul reappeared, and he vowed boldly that hereafter he should wage war on society—steal, forge, swindle, anything to get money. I looked upon these threats as the mere mad vaporings of a moody and much wrought upon intellect, but the sequel will show that they meant all they implied. From that moment he devoted all his time, knowledge and abilities to the business of organized plunder. Versed in the Wall street ways of doing business, and marking the looseness of dealings there, writing a capital hand, and possessed of great quickness of eye and muscle, he soon became convinced that a good engraver might devise a thousand methods to defraud the rich. He entered the office of a noted engraver, and in six months could vie with the best artists in the city. He studied papers and watermarks, bought engraving tools, experimented with acids, and imitated hand writings until he had mastered all manner of nefarious knowledge and art.

All this time he kept his secret plans to himself. It was now essential that he should have confederates. By degrees, in the course of a few weeks, he succeeded in insinuating himself into the inner circles of crime, where he chose his assistants in his grand plunder scheme. The plot was moulded, and the band lost no time in putting it into execution.

In the spring of 1865 a sign appeared over the windows of a handsome office in Exchange place, bearing the firm name and style of "John Ross & Co., Bankers and Brokers." The senior partner to the new firm was a tall, elegant man of 35, with a piercing dark eye, and an aquline nose, who always dressed in the best style, and did business in a manner so prompt and exact that he speedily recommended himself to the brokerage fraternity, especially as "the boys" were not slow in discovering that he kept a handsome bank account. His checks were certified for amounts as high as $100,000, and his purchases and sales were conducted on special contracts, through the wealthiest and most high-toned firms who were members of the broker's board. His standing on the street was soon A1, and he could borrow any amount without having his collaterals scrutinized very closely.

During the months while Ross was acquiring his standing in the street, Folsom was occupying a loft in Pine street, where he had fitted up an engraver's office, and was busy making plates of sundry first-class railroad bonds most dear to us on the street, from genuine bonds furnished him by his confederate. He was also experimenting in "raising" checks with various kinds of check paper and ink. When a check was certified by a bank, it was sent up to him by Ross, and he would practice imitating the signatures of the different tellers for an hour or two, returning the checks to Ross & Co. in time to deposit them in bank. Thus the grand plot was slowly, but surely, drawing to a head.

One afternoon early in May, 1866, while dining at a restaurant near our office, I saw Folsom seated with his back towards me at one of the tables some distance off from where I sat, earnestly talking with a man, who, by the cut of his jib, I judged to be a seafaring man. I thought little more of the circumstance, until, about 4 o'clock, that afternoon, who should enter the office but the very man I had seen talking with Folsom at the restaurant. He was, as I had guessed, a sea-captain, who came to have a bill of sale of the Oceliot, a small steamer, prepared, conveying the vessel to himself, though he hinted that he was merely an agent in the matter.

"A prime bargain, too," remarked he, "she cost $80,000, and we are getting her at $30,000, all in good order for a voyage to South America, or round the Horn, if need be; the colonel will only need furnish the money, and I'll steer the trick for him."

"Colonel Folsom?" remarked I, interrogatively.

"That's him," said the tar, winking confidentially, "though that's between you and me and the mizzen-mast."

The bill of sale was soon drawn up, though I wondered what Folsom could want a steamer for, and whence he could have raised the money to pay for her.

A few weeks after this incident, Ross bought one hundred first mortgage bonds of the Michigan Central railroad company, one hundred first mortgage bonds of the New York and Erie railway company, and one hundred first mortgage bonds of the New York Central railroad company, and borrowed one hundred thousand dollars on each batch of bonds ($300,000 in all) from three different brokerage firms with whom he dealt. These bonds were contained in several large envelopes, endorsed with the description of the securities. The broker, who loaned the money examined the collaterals, and finding them all right, endorsed on them the words, "$100,000 loan: John Ross & Co.," and filed them in their safes.

The following week Ross came in and paid the loans, and took the bonds away. Two days afterwards he renewed the loans; the bonds being in the same envelopes were counted, but not carefully scrutinized, and the brokers' checks for $500,000 were handed over to Ross. On the same day that these loans were obtained, $210,000 in gold was delivered in bags at the office of John Ross & Co., and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon six boxes, very heavy, were taken by a dryman from the same office, and delivered on board the steamer Oceliot, lying at one of the piers on East river.

In the months of May and June, 1866, Wall street was in a fever of excitement. The Dimock gold party had forced gold from 126 to 169, thanks to the assistance afforded them by the policy of the federal administration. The price had then broken to 137, and it was fiercely fluctuating 5 or 6 per cent. a day. The Maston pool had taken Erie in hand and had cornered Daniel Drew. The street smoked with excitement, and men forgot to attend to their private concerns, in their curiosity to watch the motions of the rival parties who were swaying the prices of gold and Erie. No better time could have been selected to put into execution the great scheme of plunder which had been so many months in preparing. About the 20th of May Ross dismissed his office boy and clerk, keeping only his book-keeper, who was a confederate, and bringing in another man, who was accomplished in illegitimate practices, though unknown to the police. This individual delivered stocks and gold, went to the bank, and plied between the offices of Folsom and Ross.

The time had now come when the blow was to be struck. Ross bought $450,000 in gold in the regular way, i. e., deliverable the next day after the purchase, and $100,000 in United States sixes in the same way. Then he sold ten lots of stock of 100 shares, each of the low-priced kind, to as many different brokers, all of whom were large dealers and kept heavy bank accounts.

The next day his man delivered all the ten lots of stock soon after 10 o'clock, and received ten different checks, which were immediately sent up to Folsom. In one hour the checks were sent back to Ross, changed from their original aggregate of $65,000 to $790,000. The original figures had been erased by acid, and larger figures substituted. On some of these ten checks the certificates of the paying tellers had been forged. Others were taken to the banks on which they were drawn, and promptly certified. All of the altered checks were then deposited in the bank where Ross kept his account, and two checks drawn by him, representing the amount due for the gold and bonds, were then certified by the paying teller, and paid over to the parties from whom the gold and bonds were to come. The gold was partly in certificates, and partly in coin. By 2 o'clock a large dray had conveyed the coin to the steamer, and shortly after 3 p. m., Ross entered a carriage, with a large carpet-bag stuffed with gold certificates and United States bonds, and driving to Folsom's shop, took him and hastened to the steamer Oceliot, which had been manned, victualed and coaled for a long cruise.

The captain to whom the bill of sale had been given at our office, as already described, and who was entirely innocent of any complicity in the robbery, then gave the word, the ropes were let go, the engineer worked the levers, and in five minutes the steamer was abreast of the Battery, making good time for the open sea, bearing in her cabin more than one million of dollars, currency value. Seated in the low cabin, and crouching as they shot past the shipping, were the precious pair of scoundrels who concocted and carried out successfully this scheme of plunder. Turned to good courses they might have won for themselves name and fortune in honest careers, but "nearly warped to wrong," they had made war on commercial society, and, having gorged themselves with spoils, had become outlaws of their own free will.

The question may be asked, Who was John Ross? This question has been often asked, but never answered. He bore an assumed name, and is supposed to have come from Canada, or England. It was reported that John Ross & Co., had some one behind them who furnished capital to carry out the robbery, but no evidence of the truth of this story was ever adduced. The robbers were known to have carried off with them over a million dollars in our currency, but there was reason for believing that the sum total derived from their forgeries was much larger.

That night passed without a suspicion that the stocks of gold in Wall street had been lessened by these operations, but on the next day, about 12 o'clock, the banks discovered through the clearing-house that there was something wrong about those ten checks. The ten different brokerage firms were interviewed by the bank officers. The brokers rushed to the office of John Ross & Co. A stupid-looking boy, revolving on a high stool, informed the anxious inquirers that Ross was up town, wouldn't be down to-day. No one knew where he lived, up town the brokers twigged that they and the banks had been done for. The news flew through the streets like wild fire. The three brokers who had loaned the $300,000 to Ross on the pledge of bonds rushed to their safes and examined the bulky envelopes which contained their precious collateral. The 300 one thousand dollar first mortgage bonds turned out to be counterfeit, probably executed by the industrious engraver, Folsom, at his office.

The frauds swelled in volume as the day wore away. Some of those who had been swindled denied the fact, fearing that their credit would be impaired, others owned up and engaged detectives forthwith to track the forgers. Not a suspicion was entertained that Folsom had anything to do with the swindle, or that the plunder had been carried away in a steamer. The gold had been packed in boxes at the office of Ross. The hackman and drayman who carried the thieves and their swag to the steamer had been paid to keep their mouths shut. It was some months before it leaked out that the twain were probably off in a steamer, and now far beyond pursuit, but their mode of escape was not known positively for several years afterwards.

A sharp lookout was kept out of the false checks, the question being which should bear the loss, the banks, or the brokers, and one or two of these cases, are, we believe, still pending in the courts.

The whole history of this singularly successful forgery and robbery will probably never be known, nor how far the ring that executed it extended, but the general mode in which it was carried out became known through the investigations of the detectives, and the subsequent motions of the two principal actors were revealed to our law firm by a communication received some four years since by the firm of London solicitors who transacted their New York business through the partnership in which I was at that time a member.

It happened that soon after the consummation of the gigantic swindle just described, our firm was retained by two of the plundered brokers to act for them in the matter, and in pursuance of their suggestions we offered, through the London solicitors, a reward of $10,000 (£2,000) in gold for the recovery of the money lost by our clients, or for the arrest and conviction of the criminals. The London detective corps applied themselves to the case, but without accomplishing the smallest results.

Three years ago, however, we received from our foreign correspondents a copy of a deposition made by a sea captain upon his death bed, which gave an account of the wanderings of the steamer Oceliot, and its proprietors, one Colonel Folsom and James Beaks (this name was assumed by Ross on the vessel, and was the only one by which he was known to the captain.)

It appears that the crew of the vessel were all Norwegian or Danish sailors, recently landed from the old country. The first mate was a German, who understood both English and Norwegian, but could read neither of these languages, nor even his own language.

The object of shipping such a crew was plain; they would be less liable to learn anything of the robbery at any of the ports the vessel might touch at.

The custom-house papers were made out for the express purpose of enabling the robbers to cover their tracks. Just before starting from New York the name of the steamer had been scratched out, and the name Columbia painted in its place. A piece of black canvass was then nailed over it, which was removed as soon as the vessel was out to sea. The name Oceliot in the custom-house papers was erased by acids, and the Columbia written instead.

These facts became known to the captain by accident, and he being fearful of getting into trouble, remonstrated with his two employers, who succeeding in quieting his scruples, and purchasing his silence by guaranteeing him $10,000 when the vessel reached Rio Janeiro, to which port she was bound.

This sum of money was accordingly paid him, at that place, and his services were engaged for a voyage to Smyrna, for which port they started, after a week's stay at Rio. The ship's papers were again falsified, and, instead of making Smyrna, the vessel was put into Madeira. There they stayed several weeks, seeing no American or English papers, and not being a reading man the captain was still kept in ignorance of all that had occured in New York and of the surmises contained in the papers of that city respecting the escape of the robbers in a steamer, etc. Being an unmarried man, and having no correspondents in America, he never wrote any letters to New York which might have furnished a clue to the detectives.

Folsom and his associates lived high at all the ports where they stopped, and engaged at Rio a French cook, took in a stock of ice, meats, etc., etc. At Madeira they bought a lot of fine old wine. The gold was packed in long boxes, marked Springfield rifles, and the captain was in complete ignorance of the value of the cargo he was conveying, nor, as long as he was so handsomely and promptly paid for his services, did he make special scrutiny of the motions and conduct of his employers.

At Rio it appears that they sold $100,000 in United States bonds, and were paid in British gold, which was packed in two large trunks, with cotton batting, to deaden the clink of the coins.

From Madeira they went round the Cape of Good Hope, and spent three months at Mauritius. At all the ports they stopped at they passed themselves off as wealthy American gentlemen, cruising on their steam yacht. Fun and frolic, drinking, gambling and carousing, the money which had been obtained by their forgeries was poured out like water.

One day the captain found the two bending over one of the mysterious boxes, which they had opened. Some of the bags of gold had become untied, and the top of the box was covered with ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. Folsom and Ross saw that the captain's suspicions were aroused, and again purchased his silence with $5,000.

The vessel next made port at Spice Islands, where it stopped for several weeks, then started on its cruise, passing from island to island, and finally striking boldly across the Pacific to Peru. Here the vessel was sold, and the crew and captain paid off. From this point all trace of the fugitives was lost.

It was not till four years after this time that the captain, having made several voyages in different parts of the world, heard of the Ross forgeries, and after making many inquiries became convinced that he had undoubtedly unconsciously assisted the scoundrels to make off with their plunder.

His conscience troubled him, and in his will he directed that $5,000, all his remaining property, should be restored to those who had been plundered. This sum was soon after remitted to our hands in New York, and was expended in sending a detective to South America in search of the robbers. They were traced from Valparaiso into the mountains, but there the trail was lost, and after a year spent in search, the detective gave it up as hopeless, and finally returned to New York.

We have alluded to the theory that these men were two of a numerous gang all of whom profited by the robbery, though the lion's share was taken by Folsom and Ross. This theory has received confirmation from the fact that precisely similar work has been done in a very thorough manner in Wall street since 1866. For example there were the White check raising in 1868, the Grey forgeries and check raising of 1871, and the operations of the great bond forgery gang which made such a sweep in 1873.

Senator Dawes of Massachusetts made an excellent speech against the silver bill Tuesday. He said, in closing:

The laws of currency and political economy, on which this bill and kindred measures are making war, are older than this debate and the popular excitement which it feeds and is in turn fed by it, and will control business and trade long after both shall have passed away and been forgotten. They are not heeded now, but the time is sure to come when they will assert their dominion and exact the penalty inseparable from their violation. Ears now deaf to the voice of all history will then be unsealed. Eyes that will not now see the unmistakable signs of the coming of that day will then be opened. It must needs be that the hideous delusion of the hour must come, but woe unto them by whom they come. Every step thus far taken in the great financial struggle of this nation with disorder to recover the ground lost by its first departure from those laws has its counterpart written in English history before resumption in 1821, and in that deplorable record of the rise and fall and ruin of the French assignats. Statesmen were then as now frightened off their feet by the hoarse cry of more, more, more, while gamblers in the rise and fall of values had lifted up demagogues to utter in the ear of distressed and hungry credulity. There was the speculator in greenbacks then; the Wall street stock-jobber was born of French dealers in assignats, and the English inflationist of 1818, 1819, 1820, has his descendants on this side of the water making corners in currency and coin. It is their craft that is in danger of destruction by resumption. And the din and uproar heard above the voice of reason, the teachings of history and the warnings of experience are not the complaint of sober, earnest, business, intelligence, enterprising industry, nor of honorable, thrifty labor, but that of those alone who profit for the moment by playing with loaded dice the game of tossing values. But be assured, sir, the day of these men is short. The end will surely come. The chapter of their lives and their work yet to be written here is already recorded in the ruin their prototypes in France and England brought upon their deluded followers. If we will not heed the warnings of history we will surely be taught the lessons of experience. The laws which govern currency and trade, old as civilization and commerce among nations and individuals, cannot be set at naught with impunity. Over the popular delusion and political frenzy of the hour there reigns an inexorable higher law, waiting on the footsteps of all law-breakers: "The way of the transgressor is hard."

The Chinese in California.

Mr. D. O. Miles, formerly of the Bank of California, gives important testimony in regard to the Chinese question. He says:

"There are about 60,000 Chinese in California, and I do not know what we could do without them; they are industrious and peaceable, generally speaking, and it would be impossible readily to supply our manufactories with labor, but for the Chinese. Their wages—the wages of the laborers, I mean—averages $1 a day. In Virginia City, white labor costs as much as $2.50 a day. We need whatever Chinese labor we have in California. It might be well for Congress to check temporarily the flow of Chinese immigration by levying a tax upon each immigrant. But those who are now on our shores are needed, and they should be treated with humanity, and protected from the persecution of the rougher element of society. The Chinese, generally speaking, are temperate, exceedingly industrious and economical."

A Chinaman, wild from opium, climbed recklessly over a large steam engine in a Nevada ore mill. The walking beam rose under him, and he had a perilous ride astraddle of it, to the consternation of the spectators, but to his own enjoyment. He even drew a knife, and threatened to kill whoever interfered with his amusement.

Pirate's Treasure Dredged Up.

[From the New York Mercury.]

When a Mercury reporter met Mr. David Johnson, at No. 233 Bridge street, Brooklyn, on Friday, he met a short, broad shouldered, deep-chested man, whose tanned skin and horny hands told of long years of toil at sea. "It's just ten weeks to-day," said Mr. Johnson, "since I made that haul. I was dragging for an old anchor and caught $4,800. Not such a bad day's fishing, eh?"

The circumstances are these: Last summer I used to take fishing parties out in my boat from Far Rockaway, and we'd fish as far up and down the shore as circumstances warranted. One day, while we were fishing inside of Barren Island bar, it came on to blow all of a sudden, and before we knew it the kedge we were anchored with tore the cleat to which it was fastened off and went abooming inshore.

The loss of the kedge riled me, though, and I swore I'd get it again. I knew about where it had sunk, for there was a spar-buoy close by to mark where the hulk of an old sand-sloop laid, and the water wasn't more than three fathoms deep at most. However, somehow or other, I didn't go after it, and time slipped around till we began to talk of hauling the boat up for winter. Then my son said, sort of laughing like: "Ain't it about time for you to get that kedge, pop?" "It is," says I. I knew the young rascal was laughing at me, you see, and I determined to have the fun on my side. "It's just time, and I'll go for it to-morrow." I borrowed a drag and went out for it the next day; but for three days all I fetched up was bits of wreck and old iron. I almost gave up, and on the fourth day went out determined that it should be the last time. I hadn't been dragging an hour afore the grapple struck hard pan, and between me and my son, and with no little labor either, we hauled up a big, square object, covered with barnacles and sea-grass.

Something told me that it was valuable, and without waiting to examine it, we up sail and ran for home. By the time we got there Dave (he's my son) had sort of scraped the thing half-way clean. It was a sailor's chest, made very solid, and with three iron bands around it. These bands were what kept it together, for the chest itself was rotten, and fell to pieces, almost. There was no lid to it, and it was packed with sand over the top in a cake almost as hard as stone.

As soon as we got to shore we knocked it to pieces. The sand was about three inches deep, and came out like a block of marble. Under it was a black cake, almost as hard, that turned out to be what was left of some clothes, all squeezed tight by the weight of the sand. When we pried this out Dave gave a sort of a yell, and darn me if I could believe my eyes. Under the clothes the chest was packed with money.

The coins were all big ones, and were black with the water and time. They filled the chest near half full. Many of them were stuck together, and we had to pry them out in lumps. The money was in Mexican and Spanish dollars and gold. It looked as if it had been thrown into the chest loose, as I found it. Some of the silver pieces were stuck together so tight that I had to hammer them apart. The gold was loose. Both sorts were so equally black that you couldn't tell the difference between them, and many of the gold coins were as rough and honeycombed, as if acid had been poured over them, corroded by the sea damp.

Four thousand eight hundred dollars was the pile we counted that night. The bulk of it was in twenty-dollar pieces. Here's a few I kept."

Mr. Johnson produced half-a-dozen coins. They had been cleaned, but were still in remarkable brilliant. The silver coins were "quintal dollars," with the mint mark so worn that it could not be discovered. One of the double eagles was of Spanish coinage. The other bore the stamp of the Philadelphia mint and the date 1822. Another gold coin, a prodigious affair of double size, was a sample disc of metal through whose centre a rugged piece had been beaten by the energetic use of the sailor. Each of the dollar dollars were "stuck together" as their finder described it, so firmly that they could not be separated by the fingers.

The really most curious phase of the case, however, is yet to come. More than forty-three years ago Mr. Johnson's father was the owner and only settler of Barren Island. In December, 1830, after the mutiny on the brig Vineyard, in which the captain and mate were murdered, she was scuttled and set on fire fifteen miles off the Long Island coast, and the mutineers, with over $40,000 in coin, the property of Steven Girard, of Philadelphia, to whom the vessel was consigned, started for the shore in two boats. The plundered money was divided between the two, packed in kegs and sea-chests. In crossing the bar the surf was so heavy that one of these chests had to be thrown over to lighten the boat. The rest was landed and buried in the sand.

The mutineers spent the night at Mr. Johnson's father's house, where one of them revealed the history of their crime to their host. Upon his evidence they were arrested and brought to trial, and two of them—Gibbs and Wansley—hanged on April 23d, 1834, on Bedloe's Island. That this last find is the remn

Terrible Shipwreck on the North Carolina Coast. One Hundred and Fifty Lives Lost.

Steamship Metropolis, from Philadelphia for Brazil, with 250 passengers, mostly railroad laborers, went ashore during the gale of Jan. 31st, and went to pieces. She struck on the beach, near Currituck light, just after daylight.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1. The Signal Service station at the wreck of the Metropolis reports as follows: Steamer Metropolis had a total of 260 passengers. About 150 were drowned and about 100 saved. The steamer is a total wreck. Nothing left above the water. There are no bodies aboard the steamer. She sprang aleak about 12 o'clock midnight and stranded at 7 o'clock A. M., Jan. 31st. The only way of saving life was by running ashore, as the vessel was in a sinking condition. This is the statement of L. McQuillan of the saved. The state of affairs this morning is terrible. Dead bodies are lying along the beach for two miles. They are all being laid in proper places back from the beach and the living are being cared for. About one-third of those found are dead. The two saloon women are known to be dead with their husbands. Eight out of fourteen firemen are known to be dead. The men saved are destitute of clothing.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1. The signal station at the wreck of the Metropolis reports as follows: At 1 P. M. on the 30th the vessel started a heavy leak in the rudder case. Finding they could not gain on the leak with the pumps, it was concluded to lighten the steamer by throwing over coal, and bearing away for Hampton Roads. At midnight the circulating pump gave out. At 3 A. M. a heavy sea boarded the vessel, carrying away the smokestack, boats, doors of the forward saloon and letting in a large quantity of water below. The ship became completely unmanageable, and finding nothing could be done for the vessel the captain attempted to reach the beach to save what lives could be saved. At 6 o'clock made the beach. The surf was very violent. At 7 o'clock passed word for all hands to prepare themselves with life preservers. At 6:45 A. M. the ship struck the beach; at 11 A. M. a man on horseback made his appearance on the beach waving his hat and promising assistance. At 12:30 P. M. the life-saving service made its appearance, but came poorly provided to save life. All the assistance they could render was to get the people out of the surf as they came ashore. Had they come to the scene of the wreck during the forenoon, nearly every one could have been saved. At 5 P. M. the steamer broke up completely, throwing all into the sea.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 1, 12 M. The Metropolis had heavy weather from the time she left the capes of Delaware. On Wednesday night she commenced making water fast and labored heavily. The Captain kept away from the Capes of Virginia, intending to make Hampton Roads. The weather being thick and stormy he fell to the leeward, and on Thursday morning was compelled to beach the vessel, the leak having put out the fires when the vessel struck. A panic ensued, creating consternation on board of the wildest character. All order and discipline was at an end, and many were drowned by the sea washing them overboard. The vessel is broken up entirely. No piece of the wreck is visible, except what lies along the beach.

[From the Philadelphia Times, Feb. 1.]

On the afternoon of the sailing the long wharf of the Reading Railroad at Willow street, at the end of which the departing steamer lay, was crowded with thousands of people. The majority of them were Irish—men, women and children—assembled to give a long and sad, and, what to many has proven, a last good-by to the fathers, brothers and friends who were expected to bury themselves in the forests of the upper Amazon and not to find an ending in the waters of the ill-fated coast of North Carolina. As the passengers, nearly all of whom were laborers, embarked, the incidents were, even at that time, exceedingly pathetic, but in the light of yesterday's terrible calamity, as recalled by the bystanders, they have a significance wofully sad. One fine looking woman, the wife of one of the foremen, after dozen passionate farewells finally clung to her husband with such intense sorrow that the latter was compelled to remain on the wharf, and to-day thanks his stars that his wife kept him at home. A stalwart Irishman clasped to his heart a fine manly boy—a motherless boy—of seven years, and begged, with tears in his eyes, for permission to take him along. "You won't part us!" the father entreated. "It is impossible for you take the boy," replied Mr. Collins. "Then I can't go; I won't go," said the father. The little fellow, away of the stern want that was driving his father away to a distant land to earn the bread so hard to win here, and the future man welled up in him, as he said, in spite of the sorrow of parting, "Pop, go, and I'll stay with Uncle Jim—he'll take care of me," and the father, now by far the weaker of the two, sailed away, and even now may be lying upon the North Carolina sands. There were on the wharf and on the steamer embracings and kissings, and tears of cries and sorrow until the steamer cast off her moorings and started on her way to the sea, and to destruction, and such a pressure at the gangway that several of the passengers were left behind.

[From the Cape Ann Advertiser.]

Few, if any, of our readers in this vicinity have forgotten the terrible squall of Wednesday, 23d ult., and of the intense cold and heavy northwest gale which so quickly followed it. Just previous to the squall, the little boat Hope of Gloucester, a trifle short of six tons burthen, was to the southwest of Brown's Bank, some eight miles off the Cape. She was commanded by Captain Anthony T. Francis, and there was a crew of two men, John Coney and Joseph Adams, making three in all. The men had just been picking their trawls and had a dory load of fish and trawl lines, and seeing the squall coming made all possible haste to get on board the boat. This they succeeded in doing just in time; but it was so rough that the dory collided with the boat, knocking off a piece of her rail and came near staving a hole through her. Finding they could not tow the heavily-laden dory, they were obliged to cut her adrift, and she soon capsized and dory and contents proved a total loss. The squall had by this time come upon them in all its fury; but the little craft behaved well, and they got her up under the lee of Salt Island and came to anchor; but the anchor would not hold and commenced dragging, carrying them off to sea. After dragging some three miles it finally held; but it was so rough and the wind ahead that they dared not attempt to get under-way, so they hung to it, determined to take their chances. The cold was so intense that the water shipped on deck froze almost as soon as it struck, threatening to sink the little craft, and this danger was the most to be dreaded. When men's lives are in the balance, however, they will accomplish almost incredible tasks, and so it proved in the case of these poor fellows. Notwithstanding the cold winds which pierced them like a knife, notwithstanding the showers of freezing cold spray, which constantly broke over them, there they stood at their posts, beating ice the livelong night—a night which none of them will ever forget—and by their almost superhuman efforts they kept their little craft afloat, and on Thursday afternoon brought her safely into port.

Murder and Robbery.

BOSTON, Feb. 4. Between 11 and 12 o'clock to-night the body of James H. Daley was found on the pavement, corner of 4th and C streets, South Boston, and on being taken to the police station it was found he had been robbed. His skull was crushed in, probably from the blow of a slung-shot. There is no clue to the murderers, whose object was undoubtedly robbery, the deceased being in the habit of carrying considerable money about his person.

Peace at Last.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 3. The six bases of peace accepted by the Porte and the terms of an armistice have been signed by the Grand Duke Nicholas and Server and Namyk Pashas. An order suspending hostilities will be despatched forthwith to all corps and detachments, and also to the army in Asia Minor. The Turks will evacuate all Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum. Gen. Zimmerman's forces have advanced within ten miles of Varna and cut the Shumla Railway and telegraph lines. The following is the text of the Czar's telegram to the Sultan:

"I desire peace as much as you, but it is necessary for me, necessary for us, that it should be a solid and durable peace."

The Porte has received the following despatch from Server pasha:—

"ADRIANOPLE, Jan. 30. The peace preliminaries and armistice were signed to-day."

There is great satisfaction here at the settlement of the peace preliminaries. The following are the conditions of the protocol:—

FIRST—The erection of Bulgaria into a principality.

SECOND—A war indemnity or territory in compensation.

THIRD—The independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each.

FOURTH—Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

FIFTH—An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles.

SIXTH—The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum.

Hobart Pasha has received orders to hold the fleet in readiness to sail, it is believed, for the Piraeus. Mehemet Ali Pasha has been appointed to the command of the troops in Crete, and Adassides, a Christian, has been appointed Governor of the island.

VARIOUS RUMORS OF THE SITUATION.

LONDON, Feb. 4. The Pera correspondent of the Times says that it is reported Austria is about to present a note, refusing to sanction any conditions of peace which would imperil the existence of Turkey.

A Bucharest correspondent says that he has had an interview with Gen. Ignatieff, who informed him that Russia wished to open the Dardanelles only to Turkey and herself, and insisted upon the cession of Armenia, as she knew that an endeavor to obtain money indemnity would be hopeless.

Russia has formally acquainted Roumania of her intention to annex Bessarabia, giving the Dobrudscha in exchange. Roumania has addressed a note to the powers, claiming the right, as a belligerent, to participate in the conference. Pesth papers announce that the Austrian army corps are mobilized and concentrated at Verpetz. In consequence of the armistice the garrisons at Widdin have been ordered, from Constantinople, to surrender their arms, after which they will be quartered on the neighboring villages.

A Copenhagen despatch states that every preparation is being made to close the Sound and approaches to Copenhagen with torpedoes in twenty-four hours if necessary.

A special from Vienna states that the Austrian Ministry, which recently resigned, will resume office, the Emperor having expressed an earnest personal desire that Hungary should make a concession in customs disputes. Austria will not insist on a conference assembling there. Russia suggests Mannheim, Brussels or Geneva. There is a very despondent feeling here, as it is evident that Germany is favoring Russia.

JOY AND THANKSGIVING AT ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 3. Thanksgiving services are being held in the churches and salvos of artillery were fired in consequence of the signing of an armistice. Flags are flying all over the city, and preparations are making for a brilliant illumination to-night.

A Horrible Murder in St. George, Maine.

Tuesday forenoon the 29th, the dead body of Sarah Meservey, wife of Luther Meservey, was discovered in her own house in St. George by some of the people of Tenant's Harbor. The hands of the deceased were tied over her head; her clothing was disarranged, and the house in the utmost confusion. From appearance she had been dead some weeks. It was supposed she had gone to Thomaston to visit some relatives there. Her husband is absent at sea.

The body of the murdered woman was found in a bed-room off the kitchen. The body was tightly wrapped in a woolen blanket. On unrolling it a shocking sight was presented. The face was horribly disfigured, having but slight resemblance to the outlines of the human face. Several wounds were found on the scalp. The arms were thrown above the head and tightly tied together by the wrists with common cod line. The arms and legs were badly bruised. A common woolen knit cloud was wound three times around her neck and brought under the neck and tightly knotted. Her dress and skirts were thrown towards her head. No signs of the body having been violated were discovered.

The room where the body was found presented a horrible and sickening spectacle. Everything was in confusion, showing that a desperate struggle had taken place. The floor, walls and furniture were spotted with blood. Towels, pillows, sheets and handkerchiefs were scattered about the room saturated with gore, which had been wiped from the floor.

The last time the woman was seen alive was on Saturday, Dec. 22nd. Sunday morning the curtain was found down, a very unusual thing, but the woman being of a very retiring disposition the fact occasioned no alarm, and the horrible crime remained undiscovered for over five weeks. The object of the murder was evidently for money, as she was known to have several hundred dollars in her possession. Diligent search has been made for the money, but only eighty cents have thus far been found.

The coroner's jury after listening to all available testimony rendered a verdict that the deceased came to her death by strangulation at the hands of a person or persons unknown. No clue has yet been found to implicate the murderer. If the deed was done at the time supposed, the murderer has had time to conceal everything that would implicate him. A bit of common brown paper folded, was found in the kitchen, the writing and spelling being very obscure, reading thus:

"I cam as a womin she was out and I [wanted] till she cam back not for money but I killed her."

On the back it says: "Monday eveng 24th."

The people of St. George are terribly excited over the event, and are determined to leave no means untried to ferret out the assassin. The scene of the tragedy was thronged with people the day of the discovery.

MAINE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION. The regular meeting of the committee on instruction of the Maine Teachers' Association will be held in Augusta, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8th and 9th. During the first day the committee will visit the city schools and in the evening there will be a public meeting in the House of Representatives. Messrs. W. J. Corthell of Calais, A. W. Burr of Hallowell, A. H. Kelley of Belfast, B. Woodbury of Farmington, and others, will discuss the question, "Examination of Teachers." Messrs. J. H. Hanson of Waterville, G. B. Files of Augusta, C. C. Rounds of Farmington, G. T. Fletcher of Castine and others, will discuss the question, "Preparation of Teachers." Messrs. Thomas Tash of Portland, A. J. Phipps of Lewiston, E. S. Morris of Biddeford and others, will discuss the question, "Basis of distribution of school money." The discussion of these very important subjects will be continued Saturday afternoon. All interested are invited to attend.

A dispatch from Paris announces that the Academy of Sciences has awarded the Lalande Prize of Astronomy to Professor Hall, the American discoverer of the satellites of Mars.

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Finances and Schools.

The discouraging condition of the finances of our State may well cause alarm to all classes of tax-payers. Maine has ran behind during the last fiscal year almost one hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars, and this in spite of a burden of taxation grievous to be borne at such a time of financial distress as the present. The Treasurer, in his rather mournful report, recommends an increase of the State tax for the year 1878 to three and three-fourths mills on the assessed property; and as the tax of 1876 will not become due till January 1st, 1879, he thinks it may be necessary that the Legislature give him authority to make a temporary loan. And last week Mr. Bowers of Saco recommended a State tax of five mills on the dollar, thus nearly doubling the tax for the present year. Five years ago the tax was five and three-fourths mills, but the burden could be better borne then than now, for obvious reasons, one of which is that Maine was the last to feel the influence of the great panic—and unless much energy is shown and economy practiced, she may be the last to recover her former prosperity. We are being oppressed by the extravagant appropriations made for educational purposes, and a few other public institutions. And so it goes from bad to worse. Our school expenses are continually growing more and more; and if anybody hints at economy in this matter, "he is trying to break up the schools," when in fact he only wishes to see more prosperous times, that the schools may flourish with everything else, and not to the detriment of all other branches of the public interest. Besides, there is a demand to see more beneficial results from our schools and colleges than are now apparent. One of the costliest toys of the State is the so-called State College at Orono. The Legislature has before it an order looking to its discontinuance, and the distribution of its fund among the other colleges in the State. The success of this institution has been meagre indeed, but its friends claim for it that it meets a want in our educational system which the denominational colleges cannot supply." This want is a chance for a student to learn something besides the so-called "classics."

But why in the name of all that is wonderful cannot this classical grade of education be toned down a little, and a system of mechanical, scientific and agricultural education be grafted on to both our schools and colleges? It is the fashion to believe that a man's education is not complete unless he has graduated from some college. It may not be complete in Latin and Greek, but ten to one, it will be nearly so in more useful branches, if he has sensibly taken an old fashioned course of educational training. Numberless are the men who have attained eminence in every walk of life who never received a classical education, in college or out. This is true even in the art of literature. One of the greatest literary geniuses of the age, Charles Dickens, is a notable example of the fact, and there are many others.

We would not be understood as depreciating the advantages of a classical education to one who inherits wealth and has no idea of becoming one of the great body of workers in mechanics or trade, nor to one who, though poor, desires to enter the professions. For such there is the excellent Bowdoin and the denominational colleges; but this rage for carrying the classics into our high schools, at the expense of more practical knowledge, is to be deplored. The children of our readers cannot all be lawyers, doctors or ministers, though each fond parent wishes his child could be a "professional man." Even at our State Agricultural College there is a constant effort to put into its curriculum more of the literary and classical studies, and thus gradually build up, at the expense of the State, an institution not demanded by our needs, and which will be a rival to the other colleges. Two years ago the compulsory study of German for all classes was a change made at the State College.

The history of this institution, in brief, is this. In 1862 an act of Congress of the United States donated lands to the several States and territories, to provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. In most States, we believe, it was thought best to connect the institution thus provided for with some one of the colleges already existing. But in this State a separate institution was incorporated at Orono in 1865, and in 1869 the first term of the school was opened. The whole amount of money granted by the State to this pet college amounts to the large sum of $175,218. The amount received from the fund from the lands granted by the Government of the United States was $56,000 up to 1876. While there has been no construction account kept, it is estimated that the buildings cost $112,000, and the balance, therefore, must have gone to keep the school running, apparatus, stock, farming utensils, &c., In addition to the amount given by the State, Bangor, Orono and Oldtown gave $22,000, which was used to purchase the farm of the college, the conditions being that if the college is abandoned the state shall pay back $11,000, with interest from 1867. Hon. Abner Coburn also gave $1700 for a library, &c., so it will be seen that the whole amount received from the State and donations from towns and individuals amount to $197,418. The number of students has varied each year from twelve to one hundred and twenty-four. Not a very good showing, certainly, for the college which should be, above all others, the institution of practical education. Whether, after the great sum already expended, the Legislature ought to break up the institution, is an important question to be decided. We will not in the present article express an opinion upon that point. It would be gratifying to see less reckless appropriation of the public funds to unsuccessful and expensive institutions. An exchange says that the expenditures of the State can be reduced from last year more than $300,000, and the public will not suffer a dollar by such reduction; at the end of the year the great mass of the people will be just as well off physically, morally and intellectually under this reduction. There are many institutions that are perfect leeches upon the State, and keep it poor.

It would be pleasant to behold a less straining for unattainable effects in the colleges, high and common schools. A more thorough grounding in useful and mechanical knowledge is evidently desirable. The point we desire to make clear is this:—If these great public institutions for giving practical knowledge fail because they shoot too high, then let the common and high schools take up the courses of study which tend more toward the industrial pursuits. Their bent is now toward professional life. Many a parent, who at the start, felt proud that his boy in some high school was studying an elevated branch of learning, has been chagrined to find in the end that his son could not correctly carry on a common correspondence in English nor perform a counting-house problem in arithmetic. The people are taxed heavily, and teachers of great pretensions are employed in our schools, at large salaries, but the good fruits are not to be seen. Let us have more of the roast beef and less of the ice-cream of scholarship. And then the boys will become useful workers in the business world, and the girls will be able to bring something more to society than the ability to increase the census.

A recent writer well says that "the disappointments which come in such numbers to parents and boys every year, grow mainly out of the fact that the boys have not had a fair chance. They have been kept in schools where they have always studied at a disadvantage. It may not be that they have lacked at all in faithful study, but it has all been up-hill, with influences around them that have never helped, but always hindered them."

Another subject which comes under the heading of this article is the scheme proposed by the State School Superintendent to establish a State or County board of examiners of teachers of our common schools, instead of allowing school committees of the several towns to perform this work. Now the principle is fundamental that parents should select from their number one or more suitable persons to look after the interests of the schools in their locality. As soon as this principle is violated, the rights of parents and committees are infringed upon; and a new and expensive piece of political machinery is created. For increased taxation upon the State cannot help resulting from a measure thus proposing the creation of new offices. And as has been pointed out above, increased taxation is exactly the thing which must be avoided. The claim in favor of the proposed measure is that the people's money is wasted by unqualified teachers. But incompetence among the teachers results, in the majority of cases, not so much from a lack of education, as from inability to govern and control. Why change a system that up to the present has worked well enough?

Again the question of uniformity of school books throughout the State is agitated. And economy is the argument principally put forward in favor of the measure. But who doubts that if the responsibility is taken away from the towns and given to the State Supervisors that some job will not result, accruing to the benefit of certain individuals? To be sure the books might be cheaper in price than those now in use in some towns; but are not the chances greatly in favor of their being of inferior make up? And is there not a greater danger in the chance that they may contain some denominational or political tenets obnoxious to a large portion of the parents and students.

Let us be economical, conservative and vigilant in the matters of finances and schools.

Years ago, when the people of some of the states found it much easier to get in debt for public improvements, than to take care of their bonds afterwards, a western town went through a curious performance. Having created a bonded debt, they next had the larger portion of the territory set off to a new town; then they changed the name of the original town—so that the bondholders searched in vain for their security.

The town of Fredericktown, Missouri, tried a similar game recently, and met with a defeat. The trustees attempted to evade the levying of a tax to pay a judgment by vacating their offices and permitting the town charter to lapse. But the matter was brought before the circuit court, and that court decided that the town, having been incorporated under the general laws of the state, could not dissolve the corporation by non-user to the detriment of its creditors; that the corporation is still existing, and the property of all citizens residing within the corporate limits is liable for its debts; that judgments against the town were judgments against the property of its citizens; and if the town officers refuse to levy taxes to satisfy them, the court has power to order the sheriff to make such levy, and collect the taxes. It held also that the resigning trustees are to be regarded as trustees still, "and until their successors are elected and qualified." A writ of mandamus was issued, therefore, to the resigning officials, commanding them to make the levy of taxes necessary, or to appear and show cause for not so doing. In obedience to this the trustees appeared and avowed their readiness to comply with the court's orders, as soon as they could properly fill a vacancy in their board, caused by the removal of one of their number from the county. The court accepted this answer, and the trustees having filled the vacancy, are now about to make the levy. As the citizens are subject to the responsibilities of the old corporation, they think they may as well have its privileges, and they are, therefore, calling on the old trustees to set the machine in motion again.

And now Hendricks is out for silver. Thus friend after friend departs.

The Terms of Peace.

In the terms of peace, as published, the Russians are as fortunate in diplomacy as they have been potential in war. The hard but shrewdly disguised terms of the Czar, strip the Turk of his strength, and leave him scarce a shadow of his former self. One half his population must be given up—not all, it is true, to the Russians, but to the next friends of the Russians, who have stood by them through the terrible conflict. Territory, sea ports, fortresses, lines of travel and trade—will all come to her as the terms of peace. The Ottoman, that as a warlike power, has for five hundred years dominated eastern Europe, must accept fate, and go out of sight there forever. The march of the Russ is over the grave of a nation.

It is very difficult to predict the result on the silver contest in Congress, but one thing is pretty certain—that there is a disposition to harmonize and to compromise upon the least objectionable of the differing views. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing under the date of Saturday, says:—"The silver and hard money men have held conferences since Thursday, and discussed the question of compromise on the Bland silver bill. There is a disposition on the part of the hard money men to make concession, providing the silver men will accept it in good faith. This is to yield the question of legal tender, if the silver men will increase the weight of the silver dollar so as to make it on par with gold at the present valuation of both metals. The advocates of the gold standard do not conceal their fears that the silver bill may be passed over the President's veto by both branches of Congress, and they are more inclined now to make some compromise." A vote on the main question will probably be had by Thursday or Friday of this week.

Now that Turkey has certainly gone to the wall in the conflict with Russia, the next question will be the picking of the Turkey bones. The Turkish navy, one of the finest in the world, is naturally a matter of no small solicitude to England. She dreads to see it pass into the hands of the Russians in settlement of the war indemnity; while, if added to her own fleet, she would become almost the unquestioned mistress of the seas. It is by no means improbable that England may meditate some sudden and decisive way out of the dilemma, even in disregard of right and the law of nations. She has done such things before. In 1801, when the admiralty dreaded an alliance between Russia, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden, as threatening her navy, a British fleet under Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson, without the least provocation, suddenly attacked the Danes with 36 ships, inflicting the most terrible slaughter, burning, sinking and destroying the whole Danish fleet. There is a belief that the design may now be entertained, not of destroying the Turkish ships, but of making a sudden capture, and adding them to the British fleet—justifying the act by its necessity. This would carry with it some risk of complications, but our British cousins are accustomed to take such chances in cases of emergency.

It is funny to observe what work the grave and reverend Senators of the United States make of nautical matters when they undertake to be precise. Thus the other day Blaine and Dawes engaged in a sharp exchange of words concerning the port from which the United States brig Enterprise sailed when she captured the British brig Boxer, in 1813. Dawes contended that she sailed from Massachusetts, while Blaine was sure she went from Portland. As a matter of fact, neither were right. According to Cooper, the Enterprise left Portsmouth, Sept. 1st, and fought the Boxer on the 4th.

Senator Bayard puts the silver question neatly and very forcibly, when he asks—"How could we affix a false statement to our coin and declare that sixteen ounces of silver in America was worth seventeen and three-quarters ounces anywhere else? We do not live in this world by ourselves. We are but one of a family of nations, and must be guided by the experience of other nations."

The Portland Transcript announces that "beans are one of the motive powers of New England." Next thing that man will have Archimedes with his lever across a bean pot. But he goes on worse than that, and affirms that "social life in the country would stagnate, but for the attractive power of beans"—which betrays our brother as having known the wickedness of penny poker, played on the barn scaffold, with beans for counters.

It isn't always safe and profitable to accept party honors, as has been discovered by Thomas J. Goodwin of South Berwick. Mr. G. presided at a Tilden ratification meeting in 1876, and a rocket that went off prematurely, hit a Mr. Ferguson in the head, inflicting some damage. Mr. Ferguson, taking offence thereat, sued the chairman for damages. The court awards the victim of the rocket $200; but the defendant intends to still further contest before paying.

The sacredness of the right of petition is illustrated by a paragraph in the Kennebec Journal. It says that a remonstrance of 436 names against the apothecary bill, has been presented to the Legislature, the whole number of signatures being in the same handwriting. Doubtless the signatures were obtained in about an hour or in the time necessary to write them.

We sincerely regret the announcement that our cotemporary, the Rockland Courier, has yielded to the pressure of the hard times, and suspended. It was one of the brightest and spiciest sheets that ever issued from the press of Maine, and had a wide spread reputation for pungent wit. We trust that beyond the evil days of the present hard times it may again rise and shine. Mr. Fuller will continue his job printing department.

But what Congress is just now doing, is restoring the old silver dollar of the constitution to its place in the currency, which it had held for about eight years down to the time it was demonetized in the interest of the bondholders. [Progressive Age.

The Age is getting badly mixed among the coins and currencies. The "old silver dollar *of the constitution*" is a bit of specie that never had existence, and never will have. There was at one time a silver dollar that circulated by virtue of law, but the constitution was never troubled to take special recognition of it.

A Maine cat took a prize in the Boston cat show. [Boston Post.

Of course. Dirigo directs, cat-egorically and otherwise.

The Legislature seems to have perceived in the plan to set off Hurricane island nothing sufficiently monstrous to defeat the project. It is difficult to see why, as a matter of right, an individual should not own a hundred or two acres there as well as anywhere else; or why proprietary rights must necessarily be oppressive when extended over a granite quarry, more than over so much arable land. On the other hand, the public will be very apt to believe that the perseverance and capacity which can create upon a barren rock a business bringing tens of thousands of dollars annually of profit into a community, is something to be encouraged rather than otherwise, especially in the present hard times.

The murder which came to light last week in the town of St. George, is one of the most horrible in the records of atrocity. A woman, alone in her house, foully murdered within a stone's throw of neighbors, and the mutilated body lying for weeks in its frozen shroud, while the busy people went their way to and fro. And all the while the guilty man, with the dreadful secret in his breast, striving to hide his agitation, and to turn aside the glance of eyes. The romance of crime scarcely records anything fuller of dreadful mystery and wonder. Further developements will be awaited with interest, and it is hoped that the report of a probable detection of the criminal may be true.

The way in which some widows get their sleigh-rides in New York may be inferred from the following advertisement in the Herald:—

A Southern widow, stranger in this city, would like a sleigh-ride; turnout must be good and owner a gentleman; drivers need not apply. Address Snow Storm, Herald up-town office.

A Maine sheriff searched a cemetery to see if he could find any spirits there. [Boston Post.

If he found them, we wish he would let it be known whether they were "spirits of health or goblin damned"—because opinions on the subject widely differ.

The new Biddeford Evening Post is a smart little paper, but it ought not to put forth to a confiding public the following, under the pretense of rhyme:

"Mary Jane" is a sweet pretty name
It belongs to a girl in Biddeford, Maine.

W. M. Thayer, of Augusta, has taken charge of the Franklin House, Bangor. Mr. Thayer was for many years proprietor of the Mansion House, Augusta, which he kept in fine style.

The Legislative committee having the subject in charge has reported legislation inexpedient on the propositions to confine drunkards in jail until they disclose the seller of the liquor.

The Saco High School boys have formed a debating society called the "Senate," and, having disposed of the currency and like questions, propose to debate the subject "Where does fire go when it goes out?"

Probably, if there's a hotel near, it goes in.

A Portland daily continues to advertise itself as on file at the Mansion House, Augusta, which was burned last year. The file probably is of the rat-tail variety.

The crier of the Courts can now cry for another reason. His office is to be abolished, and he goes out before the march of improvement.

The Biddeford Post has a department devoted to "Bodinggerisms." It is supposed to relate to a patent toothpick.

The Louisiana Infamy.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3. The forlorn hope of the Louisiana conspirators has failed them. Last night Justice Bradley rendered a decision denying the petition of the members of the Returning Board now on trial at New Orleans praying for a change of venue from the State to the United States Circuit Court. His decision is based upon a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States bearing on this case. The opinion was mailed to the Clerk of the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans. J. Madison Wells and his friends here are very much disappointed at the decision. It is stated Wells will return to New Orleans and stand trial and tell all he knows about the alleged theft of the electoral vote of Louisiana. W. E. Chandler and his adherents say that Wells has come North to demand the protection which was promised him at the time of the Presidential count. Just how this protection is to be given and the quarter it is to come from does not appear from their conversation, but of course, can be easily divined. What can be done in case this protection is not forthcoming is more particularized by those who have been in conference with Wells, and they indicate unmistakably an intention to make such developments as will inculpate the "visiting statesmen" who went to New Orleans at the time of the court of the Returning Board. Those who are threatening exposure appear to be relying very much on an election officer in Louisiana by the name of Anderson, who was Supervisor in the West Feliciana parish, and who is said to have knowledge of the use of the bogus affidavits to change the returns which had come in from the country parishes. It is on his evidence, it is said, that three at least of the "visiting statesmen" will be indicted. A friend of the President reiterates the statement that Hayes is going to unload the whole Returning Board crowd. He proposes to say to all of them: "Show what you will of wrong-doing; I will also be able to show that I had no part in it, and did not authorize it." This unloading, it is said, will be carried to the extent of dropping every Republican leader involved in any exposures made by the Returning Board gang.

Mr. L. Demarais, who brought the petition of the Louisiana Returning Board to Justice Bradley, asking for a transfer of their cases from the State to the United States Circuit Court, left to-night for New Orleans. He says that although Judge Bradley has refused to grant the prayer of the petitioners, they still have appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Mrs. Addie W. Oakman, a pretty and well-dressed woman of twenty-three, the wife of Frank Oakman of Bangor, Me., was found somewhat intoxicated in a lager beer saloon in New York, Thursday, where she had called to get a drink of the "temperance beverage" known as lager. The attention of the police was attracted to the saloon by her cries for help, the bar-tender having attempted to take advantage of her helpless condition to outrage her. It appears that she had not lived with her husband for two years, in consequence of an inherited appetite for intoxicating liquors which not unfrequently led her to become intoxicated her father having died of delirium tremens. It is also claimed that her husband, who was formerly a piano tuner in Boston, was intemperate, and that this fact aided in the wife's fall. Mrs. Oakman was on her way to Baltimore, and passing through New York was attracted to a lager beer saloon to satisfy her appetite. She is well educated, even accomplished, but has fallen to the lowest depths.

Mr. J. W. French of Northumberland, while working in the logging woods the index finger of his right hand was caught in a chain and the member was pulled entirely from his hand. The cords running to his elbow were also pulled out. The man was suffering a good deal of pain and is in a critical condition.

Letter from Boston.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Feb. 4th.

Such a snow storm! Pompeii, eighteen hundred years ago, was no more completely buried than Boston after the late severe snow storm; and the oldest inhabitant is vigorously brushing up his memory to find the date when the people and all kinds of conveyances were floundering about so regardless of sidewalks or roadways. A more complete upsetting of the whole city's machinery could hardly be imagined. The embargo on travel was universal. Not a sound of the engine whistle was heard for hours after the usual time for approaching morning trains; only a few street cars ventured from the stables, and even the few, with their load of humanity hanging about them like hungry wolves, were soon stuck fast in the huge drifts. The lumbering old coaches bobbed up and down in the wake of the snow ploughs, but were wholly unequal to carry the thousands who clamored for admittance. Before noon the hope of clearing the out of town rails was totally abandoned, and the entire force of workmen were searching for the buried tracks of the Tremont and Washington street cars. Twenty-four hours suspension of the horse cars proved how dependent the inhabitants and business of a city are upon them, and none of the sufferers by the temporary loss were heard to remark, as they waded through the mountains of snow, that it were possible to have too many of them. The sudden appearance about our streets and suburbs of hundreds of ludicrous and antiquated vehicles would have done credit to the flourishing days of a camp-meeting. To the time of this writing, (Monday night) no street cars have been run through to Cambridge, Somerville, Chelsea, or the extreme High lands; and any morning the proud blood of State street can be seen packed close into the bows of an old boat on runners, or perched on a cross board in a gaily painted wagon, wearing the name of "Flying Scud" or "Happy Family." Everybody seems to enjoy the sudden transition from the regular routine of life to an inconvenience never before realized to such an extent in Boston. Newspapers are jubilant; hackmen chuckle as they drive their paying patrons along the sidewalks, and the streets are utterly destitute of feminine beauty. Business men are taking account of stock, in the absence of customers, and city officials are plotting and planning the best method whereby the burden of snow can be removed. A realizing sense of the unusual visitation was brought home to many households in the absence of milk from the breakfast table. A laughable feature of the inconsistency of womankind was portrayed in the terrible fright on the corner grocery store; and the remarks which accompanied the empty pails back to the waiting housewife will long be a source of amusement in the family. As if the handy grocer kept a cow in the back shop to supply, independent of milkmen, the milk-thirsty people and hungry babies. Although such a terrific fall of snow discommoded the public generally, and was vastly expensive to the city, we cannot but feel that there is a blessing in it all, for hundreds of almost starving men have been given employment.

The disastrous fire in Charleston, on the night of the great storm, has added another chapter to the long story of want and destitution. Twenty-five families, who were living comfortably, supported by the work at the factory burned, were in a single hour deprived of everything they possessed in the world—home, household goods, clothing, and finally the means whereby the family received its daily sustenance. Even the valuable tools owned by the workmen were totally destroyed, and in no case was the least of the little hoard covered by insurance. A meeting has been called to see what can be done for the immediate relief of the sufferers. Meantime some of the benevolent people of Charlestown are giving them food and shelter. The accident calender has been unusually filled the past week. Runaway horses, attended by fatal results; disasters by fire and flood, and finally some most painful and mysterious personal disappearances. One case is that of a young lady, of fine family, and well known in South End circles.

Our places of amusements are offering unprecedented attractions, so much so that a choice is difficult. The Museum Company have made a decided hit in the fine presentation of the new French drama "A Celebrated Case." With the best efforts of the popular company, and the fame of "The Two Orphans," by the same authors, as an incentive to lovers of the sensational, Manager Field bids fair to realize a handsome recompense for his energy in procuring the play. The wonderful Exiles at the Boston Theatre has become so much a portion of the affairs of every Bostonian that it is considered a downright mortification to admit the fact of not having seen it. "Standing room only" is posted every evening, and the tickets must still be procured a week in advance. Maud Granger, with her lovely face and bewitching manners, has been the special attraction at the Globe..... Skating is extremely fashionable. Shapely females with jaunty suits, are nightly seen swaying to the delicious music at the new Rink.....Miss Parloa's school of cookery has established itself one of the standard educational institutions of our city. A class dinner, not long since, was largely attended, and highly enjoyed by government officials and members of the press.....The Board of Health are doing some very energetic work, not unmingled, however, with a little inconsistency. One house, situated on a fashionable street, and full of boarders, was visited Friday afternoon, and ordered to be vacant on Monday morning. Disordered sewers was the cause, but the disorder among the feminine portion of that household caused a few remarks not flattering to the honored board.....Valentines are now the chief window attractions.....A novel sight was witnessed by an immense crowd on Sunday. Conspicuous among the divers implements in use by the street cleaners was an old fashioned plough drawn by four horses harnessed tandem. The damp snow thrown to either side was shoveled upon the carts following, and conveyed to the Common. In some cases the ploughing was more difficult than the turning of the farm soil.....The long neglected weather has at last found a space worthy of itself.

RUBIE.

The committee of the Maine Legislature on financial affairs, have reported on the petition for a mineralogical and geological survey of the State, recommending that it be referred to the next Legislature.

That's right. Let us defer the hunting of private silver mines at public expense until times are a little easier.

Generalities.

"Silver threads among the gold" is what they are singing in Congress now.

It is stated that the granite business of Maine is now worth $3,000,000 annually.

Mrs. General Marcy, mother of Mrs. General McClellan, died in Baltimore on Tuesday.

It is reported that Mr. Holder, for many years clerk of the steamer Cambridge, has resigned.

Judge Clifford and wife were among the guests at the President's state dinner Tuesday night.

A New York restaurateur paid out new gold dollars at par as change to his customers, Tuesday.

Charles So

News of the City and County

Free soup in Belfast. No tramp need apply.

The days have lengthened one hour and a quarter.

The sun is now climbing a little higher every day.

Most time to commence to talk about the potato bug.

Belfast ice brings a cent and a half a pound at retail in Florida.

The almanac does not say snow once in the month of February.

The number of prisoners in Belfast jail has been reduced to twenty-five.

What is home without a mother-in-law? is asking the latest in mottoes.

Rev. Mr. Bixby preached in New York last Sabbath in the pulpit of Dr. Bellows.

There was an eclipse of the sun on Saturday last. Only seen by the Australians.

We seem to be locally as exempt from snow this winter as we were from rain last summer.

The long Noll White, Capt. Joseph Thombs, of Belfast, is loading in New York for Australia.

We venture to say that no city in Maine looks after the needy poor more carefully than Belfast.

A very sad thing happens to newspaper men when the evening train comes in without the mail.

A telegram on Saturday announced the death in a hospital in Philadelphia, of Ed. Cottrell of Belfast.

Next Thursday will be Saint Valentine's Day, when fools send ugly pictures to those whom they love.

The 50 foot standard measurement in this city is being hauled and stored on the buildings on Field street.

Deputy Sheriff Black, of Searsport, on Monday brought a batch of four tramps, who were lodged in Belfast jail.

When a tramp is liberated from Belfast jail he has money to purchase tobacco for his comrades remaining in durance.

Dunham & Hall manufacture in one year for the Belfast shoe factory 25,000 shoe boxes, using 150,000 feet of lumber.

There will be services at the Unitarian church next Sabbath. Subject on the evening sermon—"The parting of the ways."

The Gardiner Reporter has a column and a half to market items, and we haven't yet got over shivver from reading them.

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Dr. Elmer Small has been appointed Port Surgeon at the U. S. Marine Hospital Service for the port of Boston, with an annual salary of $180.

The ship Paragon arrived on Monday—thirty eight days from Boston. She was among those damaged at Portsmouth in one of the recent gales.

The company No. 5 have fitted up a very neat and attractive refreshment room in the basement of their house, where the inner man can be attended to.

The Howard Manufacturing Co. of this city will be unable to place their goods in the Paris exhibition. The application for space was made too late.

It is a curious fact that most of the parties in our city who solicit presents from the religious societies. But then if the truth good have it the right to be thankful, who has?

The mock of snow this winter has its disagreeable side, the expense of clearing snow from the streets that usually appears on the January roll of expenditures in the month just past.

Four old and prominent citizens of Belfast are confined to their houses by illness this winter, viz. Hanson, Capt. Hiram O. Alden, Esq. Hon. James P. White, and P. H. Hazeltine, Esq.

A man on Congress street, is the proprietor of a hack of which it cannot be indicted to lay the owner says that it is because eggs are worth 40 cents. Hiram O. Alden, Esq. Hon. James P. White, and P. H. Hazeltine, Esq.

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The Howard Manufacturing Co. of this city will be unable to place their goods in the Paris exhibition. The application for space was made too late.

It is a curious fact that most of the parties in our city who solicit presents from the religious societies. But then if the truth good have it the right to be thankful, who has?

The mock of snow this winter has its disagreeable side, the expense of clearing snow from the streets that usually appears on the January roll of expenditures in the month just past.

Four old and prominent citizens of Belfast are confined to their houses by illness this winter, viz. Hanson, Capt. Hiram O. Alden, Esq. Hon. James P. White, and P. H. Hazeltine, Esq.

A man on Congress street, is the proprietor of a hack of which it cannot be indicted to lay the owner says that it is because eggs are worth 40 cents. Hiram O. Alden, Esq. Hon. James P. White, and P. H. Hazeltine, Esq.

The Universalist sociable will be held on Friday evening.

About time to be thinking of our city election, next month.

All trampdom has scented the mayor's free hotel, and is inquiring the road to Belfast.

The impression gets abroad that Belfast furnishes turtle soup and silver napkin rings to tramps.

Robbins Brothers are loading sch. Springbird with 3500 bushels of potatoes, for Philadelphia.

Lecture by the pastor at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, subject, "Liberalism."

Attention is called to the notice of Miss Cornelia Burns, who proposes to teach elocution in this city.

Some of the Boston packets, now in winter quarters, are making preparations to move next week.

A bunch of mayflowers in bloom was on Wednesday sent to our table by a lady of the fifth ward.

Rev. Mr. Gerrish of Pittsfield, will preach at the Methodist church next Sabbath afternoon and evening.

Monday in this vicinity was one of the most delightful winter days that ever shone out of the skies—soft, balmy and beautiful.

Calvin Hubbard, a workman in Mathews Bros. sash and blind factory, cut his hand quite severely in a planing machine, on Tuesday.

Nothing can be more mild and enjoyable than our present winter weather. The ground is bare of snow and the skies almost cloudless.

The contract to make the required changes in the Belfast post office, has been awarded to Durham & Hall, of this city, who are now making ready the material.

The poor traveling makes business about the wharves very dull. Teaming on wheels over patches of ice and a little snow is very difficult, consequently but a small amount of produce is marketed.

The story is current, and probably founded on facts, that a county official and a legal practitioner started out last week to attend a temperance meeting. They experienced a collision on the road, and finished the journey by the official tenderly bearing one side of the vehicle while the counselor guided the horses.

Our neighbor John, surnamed Caldwell, who has dispensed literature to an expectant public for nearly half a century, is something of a wag. Forgetting the fact that the Galaxy Magazine had been merged in another publication, we asked for a copy of the former. "The Galaxy," said he, "why it has sunk in the Atlantic."

The landlords in these times, who has poor tenants is not to be envied. A gentleman in this city who owns a large number of tenement houses said that on the first day of January, out of eighteen tenants, he could collect but three dollars. One woman who is owing him $200 for over two years rent, refused to move out upon his offering to cancel the whole indebtedness.

We publish to-day the annual statements of those old and reliable insurance companies, the Etna and the Hartford, represented by Cox & Field. These gentlemen are only for the best companies, see that those whom they insure are fully protected and thus command the confidence of insurers. The St. Paul Fire and Marine Company of which they have the agency is also first class.

A young girl employed in a public house in this city, has a passion for killing cats. She stays the victim in a room, watches her chance to catch it by the hind legs, gives it a swing and dashes its brains out. At one time she had five laid out at once. Her hands have been fearfully bitten and clawed by the animals, but she still follows her deadly war on the felines.

The report which reached this vicinity that Mr. Elmer Dockey of Stockton, mate of brig Fred Coburn, who shot a mutinous sailor at Buenos Ayres had been sentenced to the chain gang, is believed to be incorrect. Great interest is being taken for Mr. Dockey by captains and others who know the case, and it is believed that he will be acquitted. A large sum has been subscribed in his behalf. Capt. Carlton giving $100.

Our Soup House. The free soup house which was opened in this city on Tuesday, for the benefit of the poor, did not attract applicants in numbers sufficient to indicate great destitution. As a matter of fact, all the really pressing cases of want were being relieved by previous local charities, without any of that ostentatious display which repels the most deserving objects of sympathy. It was well enough for individuals if they felt so disposed, to open their purses and buy their hands in a new work of the kind, but the act implies a state of things that does not exist, and is not likely to—viz. actual suffering from hunger. There were a number of local charities managed by well known ladies and gentlemen, which in an unobtrusive way, were meeting all needs of the kind—a charity that did not advertise nor vaunt itself, but flowed in a constant stream, "blessing him that gave and him that received." It was doing the work and doing it well.

The representative of the Journal, who on Tuesday visited the room in the rear of Hayford Block, found quite a little assemblage, drawn to the spot mainly by curiosity. Well to do citizens came in, glanced about the shop, perversely stirred the mixture that steamed in the cauldron, and watched the cubes of turnip as they floated up, mingled with flakes of cabbage and globules of fat. An appetizing odor of onions pervaded the air, and a barrel of that pungent vegetable stood by the soup boiler, flanked by potatoes, etc. Several well-to-do citizens accepted sample bowls of soup, and pronounced it good. Some small boys, who didn't look hungry, and rather enjoyed it as a lark, sat down at the board, slily punching each other's ribs. Two or three persons carried away hot soup in pails. Mottoes were placarded about the walls—"Come all ye that are hungry." "The poor ye have with ye always." "Let appetite yield to reason," was well enough, but the added injunction, "even in soup!" drew out many smiles. "A change of pastures makes fat calves," was such a queer mixture of veal and voracity that the most staid were surprised into a sudden laugh. Well, Belfast has had her soup dispensation, now for the next excitement in order.

LIBERTY. The baby that was the basis of the action in the noted Deacon Handy bastardy case, died last week, of diptheria.

STOCKTON. The shoe factory here is not proving a success. The workmen are unemployed more than half of the time. Great dissatisfaction is felt with the management by those who subscribed stock, which to-day is not worth twenty per cent. No stock is forthcoming, the workmen are idle, and the bottom seems to be dropping out. What we need is a practical shoe man to take charge of the thing, invest capital and make it a success. The machinery is here and the labor; we lack the capital and management.....Late advices from Buenos Ayres state that Mr. Dickey, the Stockton mate who shot the mutinous sailor, will probably be discharged. Great interest is being taken in his case by captains and mates in that port.

SEARSPORT. There is a prospect of having a shoe factory in this place. J. C. Clement is in Massachusetts trying to induce boot and shoe manufacturers to carry on the business here in a building which the citizens propose to erect for that purpose.....The occupants of the Searsport House became somewhat alarmed the other night, supposing the building was on fire; but it proved to be only the chimney burning out. Several got their goods packed, ready to leave.....The Congregational sociable, at Mrs. John Cane's, last Thursday evening, was a very enjoyable affair, one pleasant feature of the evening being select reading by Miss Burns, also vocal music from several young ladies and gentlemen.....The Methodist sociable met the same evening with Mrs. Eaton, and was also a very pleasant occasion and fully attended.....Joshua Black has taken a contract to supply out of town parties with 5000 tons of ice, to be delivered on the steamboat wharf in Searsport. The scarcity of snow makes it rather inconvenient for him.....Tramps are plenty this week. This fine weather brings them out..... A great deal of sickness prevails here just now. There are quite a number of cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria.

Jeremiah Colburn, the oldest citizen of Orono, died on Sunday, aged 85 years and 4 months. He was born and always lived in Orono, where he had raised a family of ten children, of whom two sons and five daughters are still living. His grandfather, of the same name, and one other were the first white settlers of Orono, and in July, 1774, built the first house ever occupied by a white man in town. They also built there the first saw mill.

Miss Laura E. Jordan, daughter of Mr. Porter Jordan, of Waltham, who was living in the family of Mr. R. H. Young, of South Hancock, where she has been employed some time, rose from her bed last Wednesday night, and partly dressing herself, went down stairs and unlocked the outside door, and went directly to J. Wooster's wharf, and to the end of the wharf, and either voluntarily took the fatal step, or became chilled and fell into the water and was drowned.

Maine Legislature

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 29. In the Senate to-day leave to withdraw was granted on the petition for the repeal of the law forbidding the throwing of refuse lumber into Piscataquis River. An act in relation to the jurisdiction and powers of the Police Court of Belfast was referred to the Waldo county delegation. The following preamble and resolution were passed without a dissenting vote:

Whereas, the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage has a direct tendency to destroy domestic happiness, corrupt society, encourage crime and Rag-me-lown; and

Resolved, that the noble men and women of the State of Maine, who have so faithfully and earnestly labored to suppress the evils of intemperance and to reform and elevate the inebriate, are entitled to and should receive the commendation and the earnest support of all good people within our borders.

Passed to be engrossed—Act to amend chapter 223 of the laws of 1874, relating to fares on railroads. In the House an order was presented to inquire into the expediency of the law requiring sheriffs to report monthly to the County Commissioners all the expenses for board and support of prisoners confined in the County Jail. Passed to be engrossed—An act to amend section 12 of chapter 130 of the Public Laws of 1873, relating to the jail system of the State, requiring a record of the conduct of each prisoner and a deduction of the term of service accordingly; act to amend section 46, chapter 68 of the Revised Statutes, relating to weight of corn, grain, meal, vegetables and hair; to amend chapter 218 of Public Laws of 1877, relating to savings banks; act to amend section 1 of chapter 88 of the Public Laws of 1876, relating to auctioneers; act relating to Penobscot tribe of Indians. A large number of remonstrances were put in against the passage of the druggists bill.

After a full hearing, the Committee on Education decided unanimously to accept a bill for consideration establishing a County Board of School Examiners.

The Railroad Committee to night voted to report bill, reviving and continuing the charters of the railroad lines reaching from the harbor of Wiscasset to the city of Quebec; also to report a bill for the extension of the Piscataquis Central Railroad from Dexter to Brownville.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 30. In the Senate, Ought to pass was rejected on a bill to amend chapter 11 of the Revised Statutes, requiring the raising of 200 cents for each inhabitant for school purposes. The question of setting off Hurricane Island from Vinalhaven was taken up and passed to be engrossed without opposition. Afterwards it was reconsidered and debated, but without coming to a decision the House adjourned.

The insurance Committee gave a hearing to day to the parties who desired that the United Brothers Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania, a co-operative life insuring organization, be allowed to do business in Maine. The committee decided unanimously not to allow it to enter.

The Committee on Agriculture voted to report a bill to repeal the dog law.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 31. In the Senate, the Committee on conference in regard to the abolition of the Agricultural College bill reported that they were discharged. A bill was reported for the abolition of the Common Council of Ellsworth. The question of setting off Hurricane Island from Vinalhaven and incorporating it into a town was passed to be engrossed by a vote of 8s to 5s. The Committee on Ways and Means was instructed to report a bill levying a tax of 30 mills a dollar on the valuation of the State.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 1. The Committee reported an appropriation of $11,000 for the Maine Reform School. A bill was reported exempting from taxation for ten years, gold, silver and other mines opened or in process of development. A bill was reported establishing a State Board of Examiners for Teachers.

Adjourned to Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

House—Leave to withdraw granted On an act providing for the revision of the laws relating to savings; same report in regard to additional legislation to secure the prompt recording of deeds.

Numerous reports were made and accepted relating to legislation inexpedient as the matters are not of public interest.

The druggists bill was discussed at length before the Committee on Temperance this evening, the main argument favoring the measure being made by Hon. Joseph Baker of Augusta. Mr. Baker presented a bill to the committee adding a new section to the pharmacy act of last winter, providing that registered apothecaries, under certain restrictions, shall have power to keep and use liquors, and that persons authorized by the United States Dispensatory and pharmacopœia, as of recognized medicinal utility, shall have the right to keep and hold spirituous liquors for compounding medicines and for physicians' prescriptions for medicinal purposes and for other purposes. In case of violation of these provisions the druggist comes under the severest penalty of the Maine prohibitory law and forfeits all his rights to claim protection from the provisions of the act. The druggists are required to give bonds to the municipal officers. Dr. Morgan of Boston and Dr. Harlow of Bangor also appeared for the bill, and Hon. Joshua Nye and A. C. Wyman in opposition.

The Committee on Legal Affairs decided this afternoon adversely to the State Board of Health but will report a bill for discussion and decision of the Legislature. The Military Committee voted to recommend an appropriation of $12,000 to redothe the State Militia. There will be no State muster this year.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 2. No session of the Senate. In the House it was voted to receive no more new bills, orders and resolves and ordering committees to report finally the 5th of February, and to hold two sessions per day after that date. Ought to pass—Reported on bill to prevent the killing of moose and other game out of season. Ought to pass—Reported on bill to prevent the killing of moose and other game out of season. Passed to be engrossed—An act to amend and extend the acts in relation to the Wiscasset & Quebec Railroad Company and the Somerset Railroad company; act to prevent fraud in commercial fertilizers; act amendatory to an act to provide for the organization of business corporations; act to amend section 11, chapter 90 of Revised Statutes relating to actions of trespass; act in relation to Police Court of city of Belfast. Adjourned to Monday, at 4 P. M.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 5th. In the Senate, a minority report was submitted on the Aroostook senatorial election; ordered printed.

The bill incorporating the town of Hermon was taken up and passed, 23 to 5.

Bill reported imposing a tax of 200 public laws of 1877, relating to mischievous dogs. A minority reported a bill amendatory.

Bill amending section 10, chapter 218, public laws of 1877, relating to savings banks, laid on the table.

Passed to be engrossed, an act allowing corporations to reduce their stock, to create a lien on sawlock bark, to encourage the development of mining interests of the State; exempting mines from taxation; act to amend sec. 66, chap. 82, R. S. relating to juries; act in relation to disorganized towns; act to amend and extend the acts in relation to the Wiscasset and Quebec Railroad Co., the Mesamisukeag and Kennebec Railroad, and the Somerset Railroad; act to prevent fraud in commercial fertilizers; act amendatory to provide for the organization of business corporations; act to amend sec. 11 of chap. 95 Revised Statutes relating to actions of trespass; act to amend chap. 141 public laws of 1876 relating to settlement of public lands.

In the House, bill reported to encourage plantation of trees. Act relating to beauty on bears indefinitely postponed. Same action on the bill to set off ward seven from the city of Rockland, and incorporate it into a town. A memorial was presented from the managers of the Industrial School for girls, asking for an appropriation sufficiently large to pay the running expenses of the school, and that it may not be closed. Committee on legal affairs instructed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the office of insurance commissioners and transferring the duties to the offices of state treasurer and secretary of state.

Passed to be engrossed, act to amend act Sec. 12 of Chap. 12, revised statutes relating to corrupt agreements by attorneys and others; act additional to chap. 79 revised statutes, act relating to coroners, act to amend Chap. 18 section 10 revised statutes relating to the law on roads; act to amend section five, chapter 60 of revised statutes relating to actions for divorces.

Sad Accident in Farmington.

FARMINGTON, Feb. 1. A sad accident with fatal results occurred at North Farmington yesterday. Frank Gay, son of Hiram Gay, Esq., with a younger brother, had been in the woods chopping firewood and had loaded the team preparatory to going home, when Frank probably changed his mind about returning, and told his brother to drive home the load and he would remain and cut down one more tree. The next thing heard from Frank was his appearance at the house, where he several times vomited up large quantities of blood. He said that he cut the tree down and as it fell it lodged against another tree and broke off a limb, which bounded and struck him in the small of the back. The accident occurred about noon, and the young man lived in great agony till 4 o'clock when death ended his suffering. The deceased was a very promising young man, 21 years of age, and was nearly the sole dependence of an invalid father and mother.

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made by Capt. B. B. Church and others, members of the Cuttyhunk Wrecking Co. to secure the boiler of steamer William Tibbetts, of Salem, which was wrecked a few years ago on Nashawena, but its great size and weight have been insurmountable obstacles, at least to the appliances brought to bear on it. So it lay among the remaining timbers of the wreck, about 300 feet from the shore, and gradually became almost entirely filled with sand, so that its purchasers dispaired of ever realizing anything from it. But nothing is more strange than nature's freaks, and in one of the heavy gales of the first part of this month the immense sand-weighted iron vessel was forced from its bed by the action of the sea, carried almost up to the beach, and left in a position from which it may easily be recovered.

Cumberland County pays the largest state tax,—$68,000; and Penobscot comes next,—$60,000. Kennebec is third,—$43,000; and Androscoggin fourth,—$35,000. Aroostook pays $15,000, or more than Lincoln, or Somerset, or Oxford, and twice as much as Franklin, and more that twice as much as Piscataquis. York pays $25,000, Knox almost $19,000, Sagadahoc $18,000, Waldo $18,000, Hancock $16,500, and Washington $16,000.

The Extra.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, (Noon)—Snow here is six inches deep; at Poughkeepsie a foot and a half deep and still falling. All trains are behind time.

An engine on the Long Branch Railroad plunged into a washout last night and John Bateman was killed.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 1. All stock trains abandoned on roads going east today.

BOSTON, Feb. 1. The storm has caused a very heavy sea at Rockaway, which has carried away many bathing and summer houses along the beach, entailing considerable loss.

The fishing schooner Eliza went ashore in the storm near Staunerheads, Marblehead. Hole stove in bottom and leaking badly. She lies in an easy position at present.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1. The snow storm last night was attended with a shocking disaster at Coney Island. There was not only a great destruction of property all along the beach, but eight lives were sacrificed. The scene of the calamity was at the Manhattan beach property, where the storm struck with the greatest force, fairly sweeping everything before it. About half a mile eastward from the Big Hotel were two small shanties, where two men named Wynne and Brennan lived with their families. Shortly after 10 o'clock the men, who were employed as watchmen by the hotel company, left their homes for the purpose of reporting the alarming state of affairs to Mr. Weed, the head watchman, and during their absence the shanties were swept away, and the unfortunate occupants, consisting of three women and five children, perished. When Wynne and Brennan returned no trace of the domiciles and the loved ones could be found. The victims were Mrs. W. Wynne and three children, aged 5 and 3 years and an infant, and Mrs. Brennan and two children, aged 2 and 4 years. The third woman who perished was a nurse. Three great waves followed in quick succession, and not a vestige of the shanties was left. The bodies of the unfortunates were carried to sea, with the exception of Mrs. Wynne, which was picked up at Sheep's Head Bay this morning. The others have not been recovered.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 1. Storm last night was the worst for years. The high wind drifted the snow badly. Trains were on time from Portland. First train on Boston & Maine from Boston arrived at 3 o'clock this afternoon. None of the Eastern railroad trains have arrived. No damage is reported.

BOSTON, Feb. 1. Snow storm began here yesterday evening is the severest since 1867, and has caused almost entire suspension of business. Travel upon the lines of street cars is not yet resumed, and trains on railroads are greatly delayed. About eighteen inches have fallen, and it is still snowing at 9:30 P. M. The storm seems to have been the severest along the line of the Eastern railroad, between here and Newburyport, and no trains came through till 10 o'clock, owing to blockades at Revere.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 1. The storm here was the most terrific ever experienced. Almost every building on the shore between Sandy Hook and Long Branch was more or less damaged, and all the houses on the beach had their grounds badly washed. In many instances 18 or 20 feet of the bluffs were taken away in front of the cottages and hotels. Bath houses are all gone, and many of the beautiful summer houses were either washed away by the sea or blown to pieces by the gale. The bulkheads were all destroyed. The beach for miles is strewn with debris from these wrecks. The water was never known to be so high. It washed over the plain into Ocean avenue in many places.

[From the N. Y. World.]

Heartless Captain Clark.

The police are still endeavoring to find Melvin J. Clark, captain of the scuttled schooner E. H. Pray. Roundsman Mallam has come into possession of letters addressed to Captain Clark, in some of which C. H. Trickey & Co., of Dover, N. H., refer to a crippled vessel in which Clark was concerned. In several parts of the letters the captain is cautioned against being unfaithful and underhand. Some of the letters are from Clark's wife. They are written in a clear, legible hand, and show that she was an intelligent person and devoted to her husband, who really had deserted her. The letters are written from Kittery Point, Maine, and are addressed to Baltimore and other places. The following is taken from a letter dated July 24th:

Dr Adams came up this morning and presented his bill, the whole amount of $2, which I paid. I did not have enough, but mother let me have it. How dreadful it is to be so poor. I never knew before how to pity very poor people, but I am sure I know the feeling now. I shall go crazy if I do not get money soon. I will refuse myself the pleasure of going to see you if I can't pay my way.

Troubled about her child's looks, Mrs. Clark wrote:

I cannot dress Roy as he should be dressed, like other children. He is pretty, and I long to dress him up, so he can look as handsome as possible, but it is no use to wish.

I would wish with all my heart you had money enough to stay on shore with me. Write me all about yourself when you write. You do not owe anybody in Portsmouth, do you? It cannot be so. I worry about your debts.

As to her husband's absence and his neglect to write, his wife says:

I tell you every time to write long letters, and you pay no attention. You are doing well to make $200 per month these hard times, and I advise you to stay. Am I not real good to say you had better stay when I am most crazy to see you? For will forget all about his ever having a papa, if you do not come soon.

The memories brought up by the room where she was sitting caused her to write as follows:

How many gloomy memories this dreary room recalls, and how many pleasant ones too. Mel, for here we did most of our courting, you loved me then, but now how different.

The following shows her state of mind and circumstances and how much she wished her husband to return:

SITTING POINT, April, 22, 1877—Sunday afternoon. DEAR MEL. Will you consider this invitation a more urgent one? I want you to come home, and I ask you to do so. Father is very feeble this spring, and I do not think he will be able to do anything at all. He is sick now, and he wanted me to tell you that all of his boys had gone off and left him, and he was discouraged. He does not expect ever to be well enough to do much more. Poor father! I am tired, and will close by repeating my invitation. Mel, come home. Roy's birthday is to-day, and he is enjoying himself drumming and blowing his whistle and having a great time. I am just a little better, with the exception of a cough that nothing seems to help. Papa will come home now? I want to see you and Roy does, and why should you need an invitation to visit your wife and child? Yours as ever,

E. I. CLARK.

MAINE STATE FISH ASSOCIATION. At the adjourned annual meeting held Thursday evening, at the Augusta House, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—W. S. Badger of Augusta.
Vice President—Sam'l E. Smith of Wiscasset.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. W. Clapp, Augusta.
Executive Committee—W. S. Badger of Augusta, Sam'l E. Smith of Wiscasset, C. B. Hazeltine of Belfast, J. H. Kimball of Bath, Prof. S. J. Young of Brunswick. Hon. Theodore Lyman of Boston, one of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts, was elected an honorary member of the association.

It is now stated that the cause of the wreck of the Metropolis on the North Carolina beach was the rottenness of some of the timbers in the stem so that the leak could not be stopped, and the officers were obliged to run her ashore. Of seventy or eighty persons missing only about forty bodies have been recovered. The bodies of the drowned which were washed ashore were robbed and some of them stripped of clothes by negroes and whites living in the neighborhood. The mail bags were cut open and robbed of about $15,000 in money and drafts. The crews of the life saving stations did all that could reasonably have been expected of them in aiding the sufferers.

Capt. Daniel Eldridge of Bucksport, is now loading his vessel with ice at that place and will take it to Port au Prince. He purchases the ice and hires it out. The ice is about eighteen inches in thickness and is clear and beautiful.

Jimmie Hubbard of North Jay, while out coasting, ran against a stick by the side of a bridge, taking one ear entirely off, except a very little of the lower part. After getting him home the boys returned for the missing ear, but it was so frozen the doctor could not restore it to place.

The historical island of St. Helena is said to be rapidly going to decay, owing to the opening of the Suez canal, the use of steam condensers, and the accelerated speed of vessels plying between Europe and India. There are now only 2061 males left on the island, of whom 1151 are children.

Robert Ratchff, of Nantucket, is eighty three years old. He was wrecked on Nantucket fifty eight years ago, and has lived there ever since. He was a young sailor on board the English vessel that carried Napoleon to St. Helena, and the Emperor pulled his ear and asked him how he liked sailor life.

Adah F. Nichols of Lexington, Me., aged 12 yrs., a few days ago set a lamp on the floor of her bedroom, and in turning about her dress caught fire and enveloped her in a blaze almost instantly. She died from the effects of the flames shortly afterwards.

It seems now that Brigham Young was no better than he should have been in money matters. Some saints who have a practical turn of mind have been recently investigating his ecclesiastical affairs and a deficit of over $2,000,000 has been discovered.

Mr. Charles Church, a juryman, who has recently been sitting upon the case of suit against the city of Bangor for damages for injuries resulting from a fall on an icy sidewalk, thought he would go and see the place where the plaintiff fell. He went, and fell too and broke his arm.

Honor in His Own Land.

Says Comely in his recently issued work, The History of New York State, "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in unmeaning poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, unrecompensed. To-day, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that enable manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitious, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well balanced judgment, his future can boast no more of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished, be a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results." While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly celebrated Household Remedies have won for him a yet more exalted place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.

The mind is depressed and the body weakened by Kidney, Bladder, Urinary Diseases, Diabetes, Gravel and Dropsy. HUNT'S REMEDY cures these diseases. Retention and Incontinence of Urine, Excesses, Intemperance, Prostration of the Nerve Structures and Uterine Diseases are cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. The system is restored to health by HUNT'S REMEDY.

CHARLES TOWER AND PROPRIETOR.

Jan. 31st, 1878. Public Loans. Every appearance indicates that the new four per cent gold bonds will be popular with the people, and that those having moderate investments to make can rarely do better than to put them into this government security. It will be seen by an advertisement to-day that the Maverick National Bank, at the corner of Water and Congress streets, in Boston, is duly authorized by the Treasury Department to receive subscriptions for the four per cent funded loan of the United States in denomination of $50, $100, $500 and upwards at par and accrued interest in coin. Particulars are given in the advertisement, and as the Maverick National is the first Bank in New England to offer the loan, it will doubtless rapidly and constantly have numerous applications from parties desiring to make such eminently safe and profitable investments.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

The difference between perseverence and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong wish.

What is the difference between a man and a tired dog? One wears a coat, the other pants.

FAVORITE MOTHERS. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Cathartic Pills glide sugar shod over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores the health and expels disease. [Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.

"Can you see me, dearest?" said an invalid husband to his dying wife. "Tell me, can you see me?" No, she faintly whispered, "but I can smell your breath."

One More Unfortunate.

Almost every day the papers chronicle the suicide of some poor unfortunate whose mind has been unhinged by dyspepsia over whose earthly habitation a heavy gloom has gathered from the inscrutable agencies of this much misunderstood disease. Dyspepsia is one of the most depressing diseases afflicting humanity. It is cosmopolitan in its nature—no country is exempt from its visitations, no family free from its attacks. There is a balm in Gilead, it comes in the shape of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. For years it has been scattering its blessings abroad. There is probably no disease which any person may be afflicted with, which is unknown to the PERUVIAN SYRUP as dyspepsia. The most inveterate forms of this disease have been completely cured by this medicine, as ample testimony of many of our first citizens prove.

Sold by all druggists.

Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counterfeiting, any worse than men who sell iron and steal for a living?

EVERY YOUNG MAN should procure a copy of the medical work entitled "The Science of Life, or Self Preservation," published by the famous Peabody Institute, Boston. This book will teach the young how to avoid dangerous diseases, and from if the middle-aged and those more advanced in life may attain to a restoration of a prostrated system to active health. It is the result of deep study and most extensive medical practice, and may be relied upon. The extremely valuable and interesting book entitled "Diseases of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies," is another work published by the Institute, an exhaustive treatise on these subjects. By referring to the advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the author of these important works has recently been presented with a Gold Medal by the National Medical Association. Read the advertisement.

With Shiloh's Consumption Cure you can cure yourself. It has established the fact that Consumption can be cured, while for Coughs, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, it is absolutely without an equal. Two doses will relieve your child of croup, it is pleasant to take and perfectly harmless to the youngest child, and no mother can afford to be without it. You can use for a cough a bottle and if what we say is not true we will refund the price paid. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle. If your Lungs are sore or chest or back lame use Shiloh's Porous Plaster.

Have you Dyspepsia, are you Constipated, have you a Yellow skin, Loss of Appetite, Head Ache, if so don't fail to use SHILOH'S SYSTEM VITALIZER. It is guaranteed to relieve you, and will you continue to suffer when you can be cured on such terms as these. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts.

Well's Persian Perfume "HACKMETACK" is rich and fragrant try it.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature,—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial 10c; regular size, 75c. Sold by R. H. Moody, Belfast; Kittridge, Rockland; Fletcher, Camden; Smith & Sons, Searsport; Robinson, Thomaston; also to be found in Waldoboro and Bucksport.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is Dr. Costa's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Bucksport.

A 25 cent bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. 14tf9.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lungs affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 4w3

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 30.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $6 00a6 25; first quality $5 87 1-2a5 62 1-2; second quality $5 25a5 50; third quality $4 75a5 12 1-2; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50a4 50.

Brighton Hides 7c per lb; Brighton Tallow 6c per lb. Country Hides 6 1-2a6c per lb; Country Tallow 5c per lb. Calf skins 10a11c per lb; Sheep and Lamb Skins 75c a $1 00 each.

Working Oxen—Not much call for them, and but a few pairs in market. We quote sales of 1 pr, girth 6 ft 10 in, live weight 2850 lbs, coarse Cattle, $175; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, live weight 2700 lbs, $175; 1 pr, girth 6 ft 10 in, live weight 2600 lbs, $175.

Milch Cows—Extra $55a60; ordinary $30a50 per head. Good cows usually sell quick at fair prices. Most of those offered in market for sale are of a common grade.

Store Cattle—Prices for small Cattle depend much upon their value for Beef. There are but a few Stores brought into market at this season of the year.

Sheep and Lambs—There were thirteen double deck loads of Western Sheep and Lambs brought into market the past week, all owned by G. W. Hollis, and taken to the Abattoir to be slaughtered.

Swine—No store pigs in market. Fat Hogs 7¾c, prices 6c per lb live weight.

BOSTON MARKET.

MONDAY, Feb. 4.

BUTTER—We quote fine fall ends of Northern dairies at 28a30c, choice Northern dairies at 22a25

"It is More Blessed."

"Give" as the morning that flows out of heaven!
"Give" as the waves when their channel is riven!
"Give" as the free air and sunshine are given:
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing
Not a petal of love from the June roses blowing:
Give as the gave thee who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Whitling its waters, forever and ever,
Long for a heart such as that, and let the giver
Single out whom he will, though nearest the sea.
Scattering the life as the Summer shower's pouring,
What is it to him if through the pearl rain is soaring
What is the blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that we lavished for thee!

Give, though the heart may be wanted and weary,
Lord, on an altar all ashes and dreary
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad passage of fate.
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion,
Smite it at the song of its restless emotion;
Pierce the stern bronze of eternity's ocean.
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Either the wave that its soft pinion presses
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing
What it the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes
Fairest the vines that on ruin still cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover
Thou will have vanished from friend and from lover
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking
Give as the hope gives all thy dreams and thy waking
Soon, heaven's river, thy soul ever slaking
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

"Come Unto Me."

A sweeter song than ever was sung
By poet, priest or sages
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung
And down thro' all the ages.
A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord
He's so kind we feel we can trust Him
O give my heart to come unto Me.

O sweet invitation, sweet command,
Addressed to the weak and weary
A refuge to find, oppressor's hand
Bright for every present dreary.
A friend who knows our bitter moan
Or cares and sorrows taking flight
Who calls to every soul oppressed
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest."

"Come unto Me" the world's poor long
His words are stretched to meet them
Now still the sobbing, hot the song
Where everywhere shall greet thee
Have no fear your burdens lay
Speak to Jesus, tell your story
Soon thou will be in the way
To every soul, come to Me.

A sweeter song than ever was sung
Sweet music ever taught
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung
And down thro' all the ages.
Thou can not be more blessed than
Thy Saviour's own command
Hear Him, O hear Him, O hear Him
Come unto Me, come unto Me.

NIGHT.

Night comes down on all the earth,
Dark and dreary
Of a beloved her taketh in her arms
And holds her fast away
Into heaven like some vast lighthouse sentinel
Passing in the Milky Way
The glittering stars like tiny buoys
Around her round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark cave
The wind wound through the trees and leaves
A sweet and plaintive strain of music
Like a thread of pearl
Upon the night
Like some lone star
Takes its way slow and upward
And the music is wrapped the leaves at the hour
A low and broken soul

And even that night no long ago
A young worshiper came
Came to me in its fullest joy
So perfect and complete
A golden dream I say did I awake
To find it gone
The dream was like a glorious day
The waking cold gray dawn

Twere better far that I had slept
Believing it were true
Twere better far to sleep for ever
Heavens sleep so true
Sweeter than the sweetest dream
Sweeter than before
Why Heaven is but a constant joy
A sound unbroken and sure

The other night down upon my
The stars are set as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night
The same? Yes I answer me changed
Oh God, each weary day
Leaves that I had held the night
The vision passed away.

Harper's Magazine

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

THE QUEST

Upon bless sorrow sat with me
Was singing weakly
Outside the rain were on the rain
With beat the window pane
Inside the wind moaned in the chimney
And I had watch on the fire
Upon a waiting spirit to me
Saying sweetly
"Let me in to sup with thee"

Yet my room was dark and dismal
Sighed I, "Enter the lamp
Light the fire and cheer the place
Set the good chair in its place
But I heard the knock
In the dark I found the lock
At last I have turned the key
Enter, stranger!
Why art come to sup with me?"

Opening wide the door he came
But I could not speak for shame
To the guest that took his place
That I could not see his face
Where the firelight flickering bounding
Where my little lamp was gleaming
And the board was spread for three.
"Who art
Who art that supped with me?"

Heaven is necessary to earth even in the rising of the sun. It gives the Sabbath to the beggar's cottage and to shed its light on the child's lesson.

There is so much impudence in the mere profession of good health, that it is a subject for the world to call our religion in our deeds instead of listening to our holiday declarations.

Among true Christians should daily and hourly say to themselves, "I am in the world that I may serve." Of serving—the most honorable thing of all—almost all are most ashamed. Every one desires office to rule and enjoy.

Make a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and blasphemy taunt—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for listening to it, but avoid such as differ from us; we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and we think no more of what we should be thought at any time to have uttered. (Landor.

"The Christian life is a long and continued tendency of our hearts towards that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in converting our hearts into a perpetual prayer. Every desire to approach your Creator and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it necessary to pronounce many words. (Fenelon.

Conversion is no repairing of the old building, but it takes all down and erects a new structure. It is not the putting in a patch or sewing on a rent of holiness, but with the true convert, holiness is woven into all his powers, principles, and practice. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric, from the foundation to the top-stone all new. (Alleine.

"Hearts more or less I suppose," says Principal Shairpe, "most of us have, but we keep them so close-case and padlocked—we wear an outside so hard and dry—that little or none of the love that may be within escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any sweetening to society that comes when affection is not only felt but expressed.

There is a region in Christian experience where it is safe to judge. We mean the fruits prove the work. Here is the vital test. Let the profession be what it may, if there be not the proper and corresponding fruit there is a failure. The fruit of all goodliness is the goodly life. Men may profess sainthood, but there must be the saintly walk, or the saintly profession will be only the mockery of sounding brass.

The falling leaf is more gorgeous than any other. God gives it a peculiar glory. The forest of November is the best picture of paradise. The palaces and walls of jewelry seen by John on Patmos were not more exquisite. So Christian character, if its growth is what it should be, is never so perfect, so inviting, so full of all that is most beautiful in heaven, as during the last days of its earthly manifestation. The great Artist then gives it the finest touches of his pencil. It seems ready for translation. Who would not fade, if he could show forth, in the process, so much of the Master's grace!

It has come to be a common question concerning a pastor, "Has he any snap in him?" Now there comes one in the Congregationalist, and suggests that the candidate for a vacant pulpit might well ask, "Have the people any snap in them?" and expands the question in the following way—"Have they snap enough to pay the minister's salary promptly? Have they snap enough to go to church for every service required of him as certainly as to their place of business week days, storm or sunshine, winds blowing hot or cold? Have they snap enough, when there, to keep wide awake?

Threescore years and ten! Were all these adaptations created merely for a life of threescore years and ten? Are these heavens so garnished with beauty, is this earth so varied and fertile, merely to gratify that which in a little while will die and return to dust? Is it all to pamper a body that presently becomes weak and diseased and crumbles back to its elements? Or does this beauty without speak to a capacity for beauty within? Do these wonderful works appeal to a power of knowing and progressing that shall know and progress when its mortal tabernacle shall be lost in the processes of change? In this life as the models by them in it that is incomprehensible. We cannot comprehend why we should desire to know, and never be satisfied with knowledge—why we should be tempted and suffer. But if there is an other life we can discern a reason for these things. In the fact that we attain to no complete knowledge now, but only such as despite the capacity with the thirst for more, there gleams out the deeper fact that we shall know more by and by. Powers are developed in other portions of God's limitless universe, and suffering and temptation discipline the soul for a sphere where temptation shall no more be resisted, and where the spirit shall go forward to practice upon what it has learned. Knowing that we know in part, as the instinct and preparation for another world, can account for many of its mysteries. But if not, why, then, does the body suffer from the wants of the mind? Why, if this world is merely a theatre for human fame or human pleasure, concern a man for rag-hoeing an ear of gold and silver. Why do we think of immortality, or care for it? Why do the immortal yearnings seem to be in another world? Why do those aspirations, which come from worlds of unapproachable glory, come influences that kindle aspirations for something higher and purer? Why do we fancy the loved and the lost walking upon some glorious shore with palms about their brows. Why do we their honor an uprightness more than a king, and we in patient endurance and fortitude more than the mighty in battle and the best victory. Why are prayer and tears and faith so much more worthy in our eyes than mere bodily skill or beauty. Because we do not cease to be, at the grave—the outward things of this life are not our chief concern; our true end is spiritual, perfection and immortality.

Children.

We extract the following from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's Lecture, recently delivered at Troy, N. Y., entitled the "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child."

What shall I say of children? of the little children in the alleys and sub-cellars, the little children who turn pale when they hear their fathers' foot-steps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever you are.—Outcasts and castaways upon the wild, mad sea of life, my heart goes out to you, one and all. I tell you the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings; and they should be treated by love, by kindness, by tenderness, and not by brutality. This is my idea of children. When your little child sobs, you don't rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A man father will have liars for children do you know that? A lie is born of tyranny upon the one hand and weakness upon the other, and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies. I thank Mother Nature that she has put humanity enough in the heart of a child, when attempted to be a rational parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. (Laughter.) When one of our children tells me he is honest with me, tell him you have lost hundreds of times yourself. (Laughter.) Tell him it was the best way you knew how. Tell him as the mandarin in Maine when his son fell down, "John, honesty is the best policy I have tried both." (Laughter.) Just be honest with him. Dangerous now, you are about to whip a child two years of age. What is the child to do? Suppose a man as much larger than you are larger than a child two years old, should come out you with a liberty pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout, "Will you love that pole?" There is not a blasted one of you who wouldn't swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you first got it. (Laughter and applause.) Why not be honest with your children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks putting false rumors afloat. (Laughter.) Think of a lawyer who sells his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes that his own living that way. (Laughter.) Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks? When your child commits a wrong take it on your arms, let it feel your heart and against it beat, let the child know that you love it, let the child know that you love it, let the child know that you love it. Christmas and christians, which is all in one name a fair, drive it from the dog and say, "Never do you darken my door again." Think of that! And then there are people who will get down on their knees and pray God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in their behalf. (Laughter.) But I will ask what I are to my children so that when they will exclaim "what crime you may, fall, the most depth of degradation you may go, an angel cannot say either that I ever shut my door against you, as long as I live you shall have a more sincere friend." Great applause. Do you know I have seen some people who acted as though they thought when the Saviour said suffer little children to come unto me, he evidently meant the kingdom of heaven, that is had a raw-hide under his mantle at intervals, and that remark to get the children within striking distance. I don't believe in the government of God. If any one of you ever expect to whip your children again after you hear me, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red, with anger, anger, and then the face of the little child with eyes swimming in tears, and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot find a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are dyed in bright colors and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of repentance, from the sad heart of the earth—that to go out to the cemetery and sit down upon the grave and look at this photograph, and think of the flesh now dust that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children. Make your home happy. Be honest with them. Divide fairly with them. Give them a little liberty, and you cannot drive them out of the house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they want to. Don't be so foolish as to say, "You may roll balls on the ground, but you must not roll them on green cloth." (Laughter.) You may knock then with a mallet, but you must not push them with a cue. (Laughter.) You may play with little pieces of paper which have 'authors' written on them, but you must not have 'keords.'" Think of it! "You may go to a minstrel show where people blacken themselves up and degrade themselves and imitate humanity below themselves, but you must not go to a theatre and see the characters of immortal genius put upon the stage." Why? Well, I can't think of any reason in the world except "minstrel" is a word of two syllables and "theatre" has three. (Laughter.) Let children have some daylight at home if you want to keep them there, and don't commence at the cradle to yell, "Don't!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a young one from the cradle until he is 21 years old, and when he comes of age other people begin saying "don't!" And the church says "don't!" And the party he belongs to says "don't!" (Laughter.) I despise that way of going through this world. Let us have a little liberty—just a little bit.

A New Idea of Conjugal Fidelity. The following dialogue is reported to have taken place in a lawyer's office, somewhere between Maine and California. An Irishwoman enters the office and says:

"I'd lolk one of them divorces."

Lawyer—"On what grounds?"

Woman—"Michael is very brutal to me: he scolds the very life out of me, and kicks the cat."

Lawyer—"Good evidence for the cat if she was married to your husband, but good for nothing for you. Can't you think of something else?"

Woman—"I don't think Mike is quite faithful to me. How would that do?"

Lawyer—"That would do finely. What evidence have you?"

Woman—"Well, I don't know what ye call evidence, but I've had a suspicion for a long time that *Mike was not the father of my last child.*"

A new revelation in conjugal infidelity.

John Morrissey's Illness.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

Recent dispatches from Jacksonville indicate that the Hon. John Morrissey is now upon his death-bed. His friends in this city do not conceal their alarm. They are in daily communication with Florida, and have no hope that he will return to New York alive.

His ailment is said to be Bright's disease of the kidneys. His legs are much swollen, and other symptoms point to a fatal termination. His wife is with him, and he has the best medical advice, but there are no assurances of his recovery. Mr. Harry Ford received a dispatch from Mrs. Morrissey yesterday, and left for Florida last evening. He says he does not expect to find his friend alive on his arrival there.

Senator Morrissey was unwell during the Albany convention. He complained of his throat, and coughed continually. The damp and disagreeable weather aggravated his complaint. At first he treated it as a slight cold, and said that it would soon wear off; but after the convention the symptoms became so distressing that he placed himself in the hands of his physicians. He was rapidly recovering, when the fall political campaign opened. Then came the struggle with the Hon. Augustus Schell for the state senate. Mr. Morrissey flung himself into the fight with unflagging energy. He assaulted the Gibraltar of the Tammany Democracy. The fight was desperate, and attracted more attention than any senatorial contest ever waged in this city. All the details were arranged under Mr. Morrissey's personal supervision. Rain or shine, he was at the front. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Despite the warnings of his doctor, the senator visited each election district, personally conducted every movement, and did not cease his exertions until the polls were closed and Tammany routed, horse, foot and artillery. He had taken his life in hand and won the fight. A relapse followed. His life trembled in the scales. But with careful nursing his naturally strong constitution asserted itself and he slowly recovered.

As soon as he was able to go out his doctor advised a trip to Florida. He took the advice and left on the first Savannah steamer, accompanied by his sole companion. The trip was a pleasant one. The weather was delightful and the soft warm air proved highly beneficial. On Mr. Morrissey's arrival in Savannah his friends say that he put up at the Pulaski house, an old and somewhat famous resort for Southern chivalry. He had no particular acquaintances in that city and walked up to the clerk's desk and wrote his name upon the register like any other traveller. The proprietors assigned him fine rooms, and did their best to make him comfortable. The news of his arrival was announced in the daily newspapers and created much interest. Not really unobtrusive in his demeanor, he shunned publicity, but was affable and courteous to all who made his acquaintance. He took his meals at a table removed from general observation, and had no company. The ladies eyed him somewhat curiously, and he was certainly honored by all, but beyond this nothing was said or done that would lead him to suppose he was a man of more than usual interest.

One day, however, the traditional Georgia bossess appeared at the hotel. He came from up country, near the Muscogee district, and was on his annual spree. He was six feet high, well built, and in his own country was a man of considerable consequence. Away from home he attracted general attention by the loudness of his voice. The violence of his actions and his odd appearance. He heard the gossiped the hotel commenting on Senator Morrissey, and imagined that his own light was eclipsed by the unobtrusive gentleman from New York. The Muscogee bossess made no effort to conceal his chagrin. He roated in the corridors over the superiority of his own acquirements, and finally, with a view to a little fun, he made his way to the ladies' parlor. All in vain. No one gave him the slightest consideration. Disappointed and exasperated, he entered the dining-hall and sat down at a prominent table, apparently determined to create a sensation. Senator Morrissey was quietly eating his dinner in his usual place. The Georgian, recognizing an acquaintance across the room, began a conversation with him, "cracker" fashion, in a loud voice. The talk drifted upon politics, the recent election in New York serving as a pivot.

"New York city," said the Muscogee blossom, "is the slum-hole of politicians. No respectable man can hold office there." Raising his voice: "Why, no man can be elected to the legislature from New York city unless he is a thief or a gambler."

The object of his remarks was so palpable that every eye was turned upon Mr. Morrissey. The senator did not raise his eyes, but finished his meal as though totally unconscious of the conversation. Incensed by his silence, the Muscogee blossom became so personal in his allusions that several ladies left the dining-room. After the dessert Mr. Morrissey walked out to the office and lighted a cigar. One of the proprietors of the hotel began to apologize for the scene in the dining-room, but the senator interrupted him by saying, "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness. You certainly are not responsible for the drivel of a blackguard, and I hope you will say nothing more about it."

While the senator was leaning upon the cigar-stand, the gentleman from Muscogee came down the corridor and purposely brushed against him in passing. Mr. Morrissey tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I overheard your remarks at the dinner-table concerning New York and New Yorkers. Probably you were not aware that I am from New York city."

"Oh, yes, I reckon I was," said the Muscogee blossom.

"Then," continued Senator Morrissey, "when calling the city members of the New York legislature thieves and gamblers, you were not aware that I was one of those officials."

"Oh, yes, I reckon I was," repeated the Muscogee blossom very unconcernedly.

"Probably you know who I am, and your remarks at the table were meant for me," said the senator.

"I reckon you're right," replied the blossom, with refreshing insolence. "They were just meant for you sure and no one else."

He stood with his fingers in his pistol pocket. Morrissey never raised his hands. For two seconds he remained motionless as a statue, and then the Muscogee blossom fell to the floor, bleeding and senseless, a flower without a stalk. The senator had used one of the tricks of his early days, and "bucked" him. Like lightning he had hurled his head against the skull of the Georgian, and the latter dropped like a pig of lead. He was carried to his room insensible, and for hours it was a question of life or death. One of his doctors told Mr. Morrissey that the injured man could not live twenty-four hours. "I congratulate the citizens of Georgia," he replied. Six hours afterward the doctor met the senator and said that the man would recover. "I condole with the citizens of Georgia," was the response. "I shall go to Jacksonville within a few days, but if I am wanted a telegraphic dispatch will receive prompt attention."

The next day, as Mr. Morrissey entered the dining-hall, he was shown to his table by the head waiter. The table was a bed of rare and beautiful flowers, the gift of the ladies of the hotel. The senator was so confused by this delicate attention that he could make no response. His manner, however, spoke louder than words, and when he went to Jacksonville his departure was universally regretted.

Such is the story as it has reached New York by letter and in other ways. The Muscogee blossom recovered and slid away to his cotton plantation, a picture of fallen greatness. The senator was warmly greeted by hosts of Northern friends in Jacksonville, whose generous kindness and attentions unhinged him. High living brought on an old kidney complaint, which has developed into a disease probably fatal, for the gloom upon the faces of his friends tells the story of their apprehension.

A Woman's Friendship. It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. There is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensative regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to feel proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But suppose the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage, youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

CATARRH

NEVER-FAILING RELIEF

AFFORDED BY

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

It is a fact that can be substantiated by the most reputable testimonials ever offered in favor of any proprietary medicine, that the Radical Cure for Catarrh does in every case effect a cure and permanent relief, no matter how long standing the case or how severe the disease, the first dose gives such evidence of its value as to the treatment of Catarrhal affections as to confidence to all who use it, and no case has ever resisted its combined force. The testimony of physicians, druggists, and patients is unanimous in its favor, and the accumulating evidence is such as to leave no doubt that it is the most effectual remedy for Catarrh ever discovered for sale by the public. The proprietors, may justly claim for it the position it now holds, that it is the best known remedy for Catarrh.

Price, 75 Cents.

Ask for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WELLS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

New Advertisements.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure the worst cases in ten hours. Pamphlets containing testimonials of the cures effected in the worst cases of diphtheria, giving full directions how to treat the disease, and all other information relative thereto, will be sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for superior quality, uniformity of quality and excellence of cut. Ask for Jackson's Best and take no other. Manufactured only by the Jackson Brothers, Petersburg, Va. Imitations of this brand are in the market. Look for the name Jackson's Best on every plug and you will obtain the genuine article. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to C. A. Jackson & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

A FARM and HOME OF YOUR OWN.

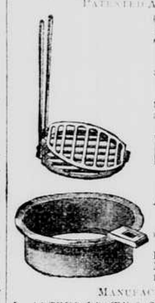
NOW is the TIME to SECURE IT!

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS FOR AN ACRE

Of the best Land in America, consisting of Acres in EASTERN NEBRASKA, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad now for sale. 10 years credit given to purchasers of only 40 per cent. These are the only lands now SALE on the line of this GREAT Railroad, the Company's Lands in Central Nebraska being all sold. Extensive Colonies are now forming to settle the Company's lands, and a Colony will leave Boston in the Spring of 1878. Circulars containing full information, with Maps, sent free. Address O. F. DAVIS, Land Agent U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

THE STANDARD BROILER.

PATENTED April 10, 1877.



This simplest and best article for Cooking Beef steak ever invented.

Can be used over either a Coal or Wood fire.

Cooks steak so quickly that all the juice and flavor are retained.

Does not get ashes or coal on the meat.

Does not let smoke and grease out of the stove.

Does not put out the fire.

Ask your Dealer for the STANDARD BROILER.

It is just what you want. The Trade supplied by FULLER, DANA & FITZ, 170 North-st., Boston, and WILLIAMS & CO., Nashua, N. H.

MANUFACTURED BY

D. ARTHUR BROWN & CO., Fisherville, N. H.

40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, New York.

250 MARYLAND FARMS.—Book and Map free. Address C. E. SHANAHAN, Att'y, Easton, Md.

PIANOS Retail price $900 only $260. Parlor Organs, price $340 only $95. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

LOVERING'S NEW MILLION DOLLAR BOOK SALE.

The GRANDEST BOOK SALE the World ever saw. $250,000 in Presents to the buyers. Your choice of a Million Splendid Books for ONE DOLLAR EACH and an ELEGANT PRESENT with EVERY BOOK, including Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches and other ELEGANT Articles all free. If you want a Piano or Watch free, send for "Catalogue" of sale. Address A. W. LOVERING, 399 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MEN OR WOMEN

Wanting a Good Business for the Winter will enclose a Dime by mail and full information will be sent by D. L. GUERNSEY, Pub., Concord, N. H.

45 CARDS 10c., OR 20 CHROMO CARDS, with name, 25c. SPENCER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

ARNOLD HARRIS,

No. 78 Main Street.

The subscriber has just returned from NEW YORK with a VERY LARGE and well selected Stock of

Ready Made Clothing

Consisting of Overcoats, from $4.50, $6.50, $7.50 and Upwards.

Suits from $8 to $14 & upwards

BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS a specialty.

Also the BEST Stock of

CLOTHS!

ever offered in the city.

A GOOD STOCK OF

Hats, Caps, & Furnishing Goods

always on hand.

Also all the Varieties of

Carpetings, Oilcloths, Window SHADES AND FIXTURES!

Which I am prepared to sell at such LOW PRICES as will induce people to buy.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

78 Main St., Belfast.

ARNOLD HARRIS.

SNOW SHOVELS!

AT WHOLESALE

FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

ALL KINDS OF FISH! At Bottom Prices.

Extra Quoddy Pollock 2 1-2c per lb.

F. W. COLLINS

Has just received a fine selected stock of all kinds of Fish for Fall and Winter trade.

ALSO OF NICE

Salt Mackerel, Nos. 1- and 2-s.

and a choice lot of MESS MACKEREL in kits. VERY NICE.

Halibut Heads, Fins & Napes, DRY COD, Tongues and Sounds, California Salmon, Smoked and Pickled Smoked Halibut, Herring, Yarmouth Bloaters, Finnan Haddies, Kippered Herring &c.

Oysters, Scallops and Clams

A SPECIALTY.

Every variety in season and in the shell. The best goods in the market at LOWEST PRICES. Parties at a distance furnished at liberal rates.

COLLINS' Fish & Oyster Market.

Old Telegraph Building, High Street, Opposite New Masonic Block.

Sausage Meat Cutters & Fillers.

VERY CHEAP!

FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

AGENTS WANTED FOR—THE ORIENTAL WORLD

Northern Half Discovery of Southern Russia, Turkey, Asia Minor, The Holy Land, etc., etc. Illustrated with 250 Engravings. Over 200 Pages. Price $2.50. Illustrated Circulars, containing full particulars, sent free. Address, The Bradley, Garretson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Hartford, Conn., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

Russian-Turkish War

This grand new work is the result of Recent and Extensive Travel and Research in Asia and Europe. It is a Standard Work, and the only one that contains the full facts, including over 100 pages of the Great Armenian Question. Over 250 engravings. Agents Make Money. Sales Unprecedented. Agents Report Sales of 50 to 100 per day. Extra Terms to Agents, and a Full Prospectus Free to Agents. Address, The Bradley, Garretson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Hartford, Conn., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

New Provision Store.

M. W. FROST has taken the brick store, on the Molasses Pier, north side of Main St., where he will keep a good assortment of

Provisions, Produce, &c.

His old friends and customers are invited to call at the new location.

M. W. FROST.

Belfast, Nov. 6, 1877.

Freedom Academy.

THE SPRING TERM will begin MONDAY, FEB. 11, 1878, and continue ELEVEN WEEKS. Good Boarding Places can be obtained. Full Classical Studies. Expenses Very Low. Ample Facilities for those wishing to board themselves. For further information address A. TOGO, A. M., Prin., or O. H. KEYS, Esq., Sec., Freedom, Me. 3w5

NOTICE.

THE gentleman that found a bundle laid in his wagon Saturday, Dec. 22d, which proved to be an overcoat, will oblige the owner by returning the same, but cannot call his name until I see the proprietor of the hotel, will confer a favor by leaving it at the Phenix House, and be rewarded for his trouble.

W. C. SMALL.

Stockton, Dec. 29, 1877. 1tf

IF YOU WANT

Customers,	Aught
Boarders,	To be Bought,
Agents,	Silver or Gold,
Orders,	Merchandise Sold,
Servants or Place,	Goods to Appraise,
Lawyer or Case,	Opening Days
Musical Teachers,	To announce;
Popular Preachers,	Houses or Acres,
Cooks,	Butchers or Bakers,
Books	Boats,
To Hire or Let,	Votes,
Offices,	Dress, Skirt or Flounce,
Basement,	A Cure for Disease,
First Floor,	A Handy Valise,
Casement,	A Muslin Chemise,
To Purchase a Pet—	Cheese,
Horse,	Teas,
Mare,	Bees,
Monkey or Bear,	Peas,
Bloodhound or Spitz,	Or are prone
Free from Fits,	To make known
To Hire a Hall,	Your Store,
A Tender of Bars,	Hotels,
A Driver of Cars,	Dry Goods,
An Elegant Carriage,	Upholstery,
An Opulent Marriage,	Pleniles,
Play, Concert or Ball,	Excursions,
Skates,	Knick-knacks,
Plates,	Diversions,
To sell to gay creatures	Clothes ready made
Diamonds,	Increase of Trade
Pearls,	Coals, Coke and Wood,
Rings,	Pictures,
Curls,	Lectures,
Or cash for their features	All kinds of Food,
To buy any odd thing	Work on Theology,
Or sell any odd thing,	Magic, Astrology,
Cats,	Wealth or Felicity,
Rats,	World wide Publicity,
Mats,	Flags,
Flats,	Rags,
Bats,	Bags,
Pantaloons, Hats,	Nags,
Resplendent Cravats,	Dress Shirts or Collars,
Mutton or Beef:	Almighty Dollars,
Financial Relief,	Houses to Rent,
Stocks,	Store, Tenement,
Clocks,	Cash to be Lent
Locks,	Cash to be Spent,
Socks,	Scent,
Portmanteau or Box,	Tent,
Pig, Sheep or Ox,	Roman Cement,
Or even a Bean,	Go
Then in a trice	Read the advice
Take the advice	Far beyond price
Written below	Written below

ADVERTISE IN THE JOURNAL

Sled Shoes & Fittings!

WE have just received an invoice of BESSEMER PIG IRON for Sled Shoes. This metal is far superior to any other for this purpose, being exceedingly hard and strong. Those building or repairing sleds will do well to call and examine.

Prices Reduced to Suit the Times.

20tf BELFAST FOUNDRY CO.

Fall and Winter MILLINERY!

MRS. R. SHELDON & CO.,

Would inform their old friends and customers that they have lately returned from the Boston OPENINGS and have the latest fashions in

Flowers, Wreaths, Ribbons,

and everything that makes a HAT or BONNET attractive.

Miss Edgecombe will exhibit some very attractive

TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS!

of our own MANUFACTURE.

We have no formal Opening, but are ready to SHOW our STOCK every day in the week.

We hope our past experience and reputation will be all that our friends can expect.

PLEASE LOOK AT OUR STOCK

MRS. R. SHELDON & CO.

HIGH STREET, BELFAST, ME.

October 25, 1877. 17tf

Now is Your Time.

It will pay you well to call and examine my Stock of

Gents Furnishing Goods!

—AND—

Rubber Clothing.

C. W. HANEY.

54 Main Street, Belfast, Me.

Corn! Corn!!

JUST RECEIVED A CARGO OF CHOICE

Southern Yellow Corn,

In store at Lane's Wharf.

A. M. CARTER.

The Osborne Sulky Plow

THIS implement has grown rapidly into public favor, and has become as indispensible as the mowing machine. Any right handed plow can be used. It will plow as close to a fence post as can be done by hand. Its strong and hard land its advantages are many and apparent. The 'Mule' on which the plow is hung, being calculated to force it into the ground, however hard. The plow is handled by the driver from his seat, by a simple system of levers enabling him to unfold its operation with obedient celerity. Send for circular.

FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

Notice of Foreclosure.

NOTICE is hereby given that IRWIN CALDER WOOD, by his mortgage deed, dated December 20th, 1876, and recorded in the Waldo County Registry of Deeds, Volume 305, Page 20, conveyed to Belfast Savings Bank, a certain lot of land situate in Belfast, in the County of Waldo, on the easterly side of Congress Street, being part of Lot No. 42, in said Belfast, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning on the easterlyside of said street at a stake in the northerly line of said Lot No. 42; thence easterly by said northerly line of Lot No. 42, sixteen rods to stake and stones; thence south five degrees west, five rods to a stake; thence westerly parallel to said northerly boundary of Lot No. 42, sixteen rods and twenty links, to the easterly line of said street; thence northerly by said street to the place of beginning, containing one half an acre more or less. That by condition in said mortgage is broken, by reason whereof said Belfast Savings Bank claims a foreclosure of said mortgage, agreeable to the statute in such case made and provided.

BELFAST SAVINGS BANK

By JOHN H. QUINBY, Treas. 13w4

Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned, appointed by the Judge of Probate, Waldo County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of

ATHERTON W. PENDLETON, late of Lincolnville, deceased, represented insolvent, give notice that six months from Dec. 6th, 1877, are allowed to said creditors to present and prove their claims, and that we will be in session at P. K. A. PENDLETON's, Lincolnville, Beach, on the fourth days of May and June next, at ten o'clock, on the forenoon, for that purpose.

EDWARD F. HARN, JOHN FRENCH

STATE OF MAINE.

WALDO, SS. To the Hon. Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court next to be holden at Belfast, within and for said County of Waldo, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1877.

RESPECTFULLY represents Damaris A. Harmon of Unity, in said County of Waldo, that she was married to said Ralph J. Harmon by certificate of the Rev. William Merrill, a minister of the Gospel, duly authorized to solemnize marriage, on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1862, and lived with the said Ralph J. Harmon for several years at said Unity, to wit: until A. D. 187—, and during said time there has been born to them two children, Charles B. Harmon, aged 12 years, and Nellie M. Harmon, aged 8 years, and during said time your libellant treated said Ralph J. Harmon with the utmost kindness, as a faithful, chaste and affectionate wife should treat said Ralph J. Harmon, who, regardless of his marriage vows, cruelly and libidinously deserted and abandoned your libellant without reasonable cause, on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1873, and from that time to the present the said Ralph J. Harmon has wholly neglected and refused to provide suitable maintenance for your libellant, being of sufficient ability so to do, and your libellant would further state that at the time of said abandonment, to wit, at Unity aforesaid, she was in a weak and feeble state of health, and against the protest of your libellant, said Ralph J. Harmon cruelly entreated and utterly deserted her without means for her and said children's immediate support. And your libellant further states that she has used reasonable diligence to ascertain the whereabouts of said Ralph J. Harmon, but has not been able to ascertain the same, and does not reside in Maine. And your libellant therefore prays, that she believes it to be reasonable and proper, conducive to domestic harmony and consistent with the peace and morality of society, prays that she may be divorced from the bonds of matrimony now existing between her and her said husband, and that she may have the custody of said minor children.

Dated at Unity, October 19, A. D. 1877.

DAMARIS A. HARMON

WALDO, SS. Unity, October 19, 1877.

Personally appeared Damaris A. Harmon and made oath to the truth of the above statement by her signed, and that the place of residence of the libeler is to her unknown.

Before me, JAMES LIBBY, Jr., Justice of the Peace.

WALDO, SS. Supreme Judicial Court, January Term, 1878.

ON the foregoing Libel, ordered, That the libellant cause notice of the pendency of said libel to be given to said Ralph J. Harmon, by publishing an attested copy of the same, with this Order thereon, three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a newspaper printed at Belfast, in said County of Waldo, the last publication to be not less than thirty days before the next Term of this Court, to be holden at Belfast, within and for said County, on the third Tuesday of April, A. D. 1878, that said libellee may then and there appear and show cause, if any he have, why the prayer of the libellant should not be granted.

Attest: W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

A true copy of libel and Order of Court thereon.

Attest: W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

DR. STACY,

Telegraphic and Electric Physician,

Has concluded to locate in Belfast, and taken rooms in Stewart's Building on Main Street, opposite the Post